Saturday Review

EBRUARY 18, 1956 / 20¢

KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT PAIN

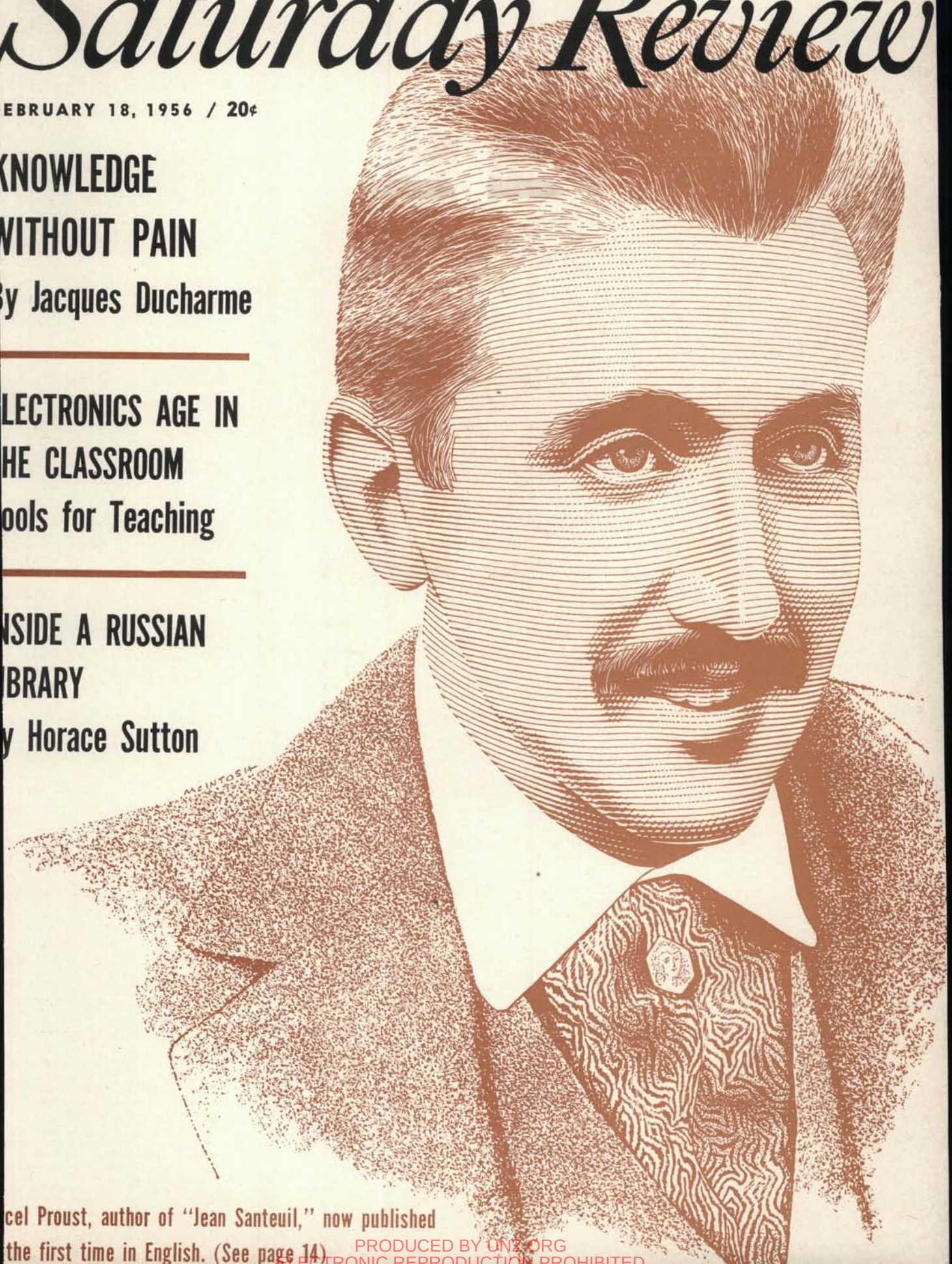
By Jacques Ducharme

LECTRONICS AGE IN HE CLASSROOM

ools for Teaching

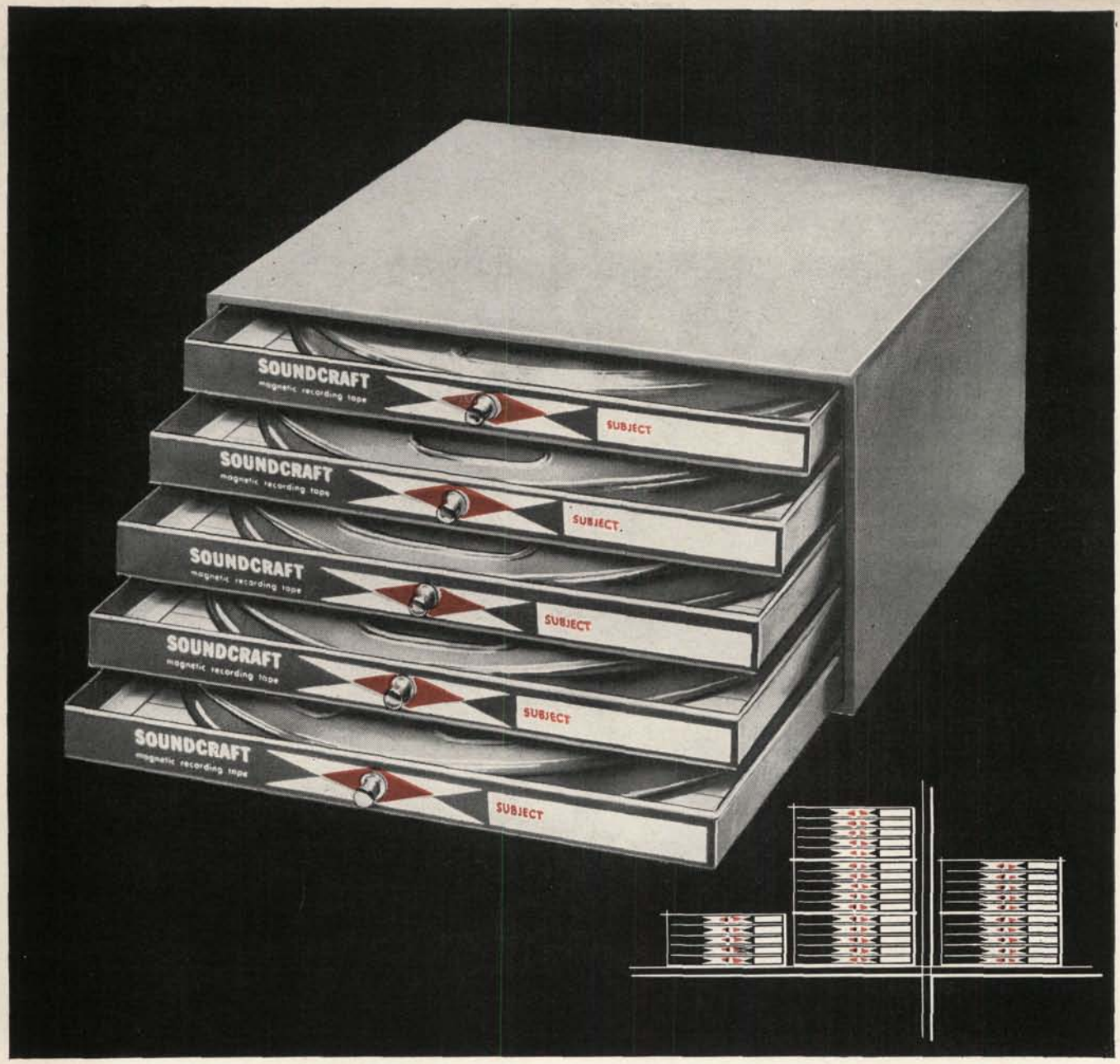
NSIDE A RUSSIAN IBRARY

y Horace Sutton

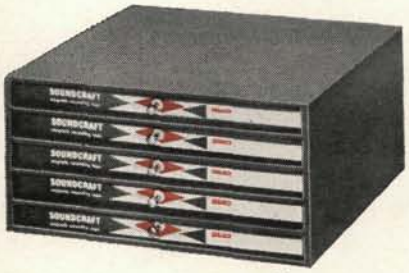


cel Proust, author of "Jean Santeuil," now published the first time in English. (See page 14)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The best way to store tape ...Reeves SOUNDCRAFT tape chest



It's a perfect Gift for the tape recorder owner

Soundcraft tape chests keep your tape library neat and compact. Five-drawer units can be easily labeled for real convenience. When you buy five reels of Soundcraft tape — regular length or long-play — Red Diamond, Plus 50, Plus 100 — buy them in the Soundcraft tape chest at *no extra cost!*

Your dealer has them. See him today!

FOR EVERY SOUND REASON

REEVES SOUNDCRAFT CORP.

10 East 52nd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

338 N. LaBrea, Hollywood, California

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just $2.95 ... puts you in the select circle

start your Marboro membership with

any 3 for $2.95

This is no ordinary offer.

Never before have current titles of such distinction been made available at so low a price. The very same original publishers' editions are on sale at bookstores today for up to $15.00 apiece.

But, of course, this is no ordinary book club.

The MARBORO BOOK CLUB was established for the select circle of readers who know what they want without reference to best seller lists. MARBORO members are men and women who love good books, can't get enough of them, can't do without them. In short, people who buy so many books (and want so many more) that today's high cost of reading is a decided problem to them.

Like a cooperative, which in many ways it resembles, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB makes it possible for these discerning readers to join with others of similar tastes in getting the books they really want at prices they can really afford. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted, MARBORO members also receive a superlative bonus volume at no additional charge. They soon find that savings average more than 50% on the self-same books they would have purchased at regular prices.

Remember, if you become a MARBORO member *now*, you may take any three of the books shown for only $2.95. Mail the application form today while this exceptional offer lasts.

CHOOSE ANY 3 BOOKS FOR ONLY $2.95 WITH MEMBERSHIP — SEND NO MONEY NOW

☐ **THE SEARCH WITHIN.** By Theodor Reik. The inner experiences of one of the foremost psychoanalysts of our time revealed in selections from his published and unpublished works. Over 650 pages. *List Price 7.50*

☐ **THE GRAND MADEMOISELLE.** By Francis Steegmuller. Fascinating biography of the richest and most eligible Princess of Louis XIV's court. *List Price 3.75*

☐ **BALLET IN ACTION.** By Walter Terry, with Introd. by George Balanchine. 120 pages of breath-taking photography by Paul Himmel dynamically capture the visual beauty and excitement of the dance. Handsome 10¼" x 11½" book. *List Price 10.00*

☐ **CALL TO HONOR.** The war memoirs of General Charles de Gaulle. "The chronicle of a passion; the autobiography of a will; the self-portrait of an exiled prophet." — The Atlantic. *List Price 5.00*

☐ **DESIGN OF THE UNIVERSE.** By Fritz Kahn. One of the most comprehensive and authoritative books about the strange new universe uncovered by science. 150 illustrations. 373 pages, 7" x 10". *List Price 5.00*

☐ **A TRAIN OF POWDER.** By Rebecca West. Six essays on fascinating courtroom trials "which combine the allure of the detective story with the insight of a penetrating treatise on morals and politics."—Charles Rolo, The Atlantic. *List Price 3.75*

☐ **FIVE NOVELS OF ALBERTO MORAVIA.** Introd. by Charles J. Rolo. More than 1200 pages of penetrating fiction—Mistaken Ambitions, Agostino, Luca, Conjugal Love, and A Ghost at Noon. *List Price 6.50*

☐ **ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SCIENCE.** By F. Sherwood Taylor. Describes and illustrates the fascinating growth of science from Ancient Egypt to the present. Beautiful cloth bound 7½" x 10" volume. *List Price 5.00*

☐ **THE LIVING STAGE.** By K. Macgowan and W. Melnitz. This fabulous treasury of world theatre presents the rich panorama of mankind's activities in drama since primitive times. Over 250 illustrations, 543 pages. *List Price 8.00*

☐ **SHAKESPEARE WITHOUT TEARS.** By Margaret Webster. A completely revised and enlarged edition. "One of the best books written about Shakespeare in this century."—Mark Van Doren. *List Price 4.50*

☐ **SEVEN BY COLETTE.** Her most popular novels — Gigi, Cheri, Last of Cheri, The Vagabond, My Mother's House, Chance Acquaintances and The Cat—all in one attractive volume. Introduction by Janet Flanner. 960 pages. *List Price 6.50*

☐ **TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY.** Edited by Dagobert D. Runes. The wisdom of the ages in carefully chosen excerpts from writings of 375 great thinkers. 1280 pages. *List Price 15.00*

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York

You may enroll me as a member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $2.95 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (selections or alternates) at the reduced Member's Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

(Prices slightly higher in Canada) MB-7

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this CHARTER MEMBERSHIP OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perfect Service !

In homes the world over, people know they can depend on Black & White Scotch Whisky for perfect service. Its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 18, 1956

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

SR/IDEAS

11 Knowledge Without Pain, by Jacques Ducharme
13 The Magic of Uncle Remus, by Eileen and Robert Mason Pollock
16 Proust and Gide Displayed, by Justin O'Brien
22 Art: Giver of Life and Peace: An Editorial
31 Electronics Age in the Classroom

SR/BOOKS

14 Jean Santeuil, by Marcel Proust
Reviewed by Douglas W. Alden
17 The Horse Soldiers, by Harold Sinclair
Reviewed by Earl Schenck Miers
17 All Honorable Men, by David Karp
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst
18 Louis Agassiz Fuertes, by Mary Fuertes Boynton
Reviewed by D. C. Peattie
20 Follow the Whale, by Ivan T. Sanderson
Reviewed by T. Morris Longstreth
48 Auden and the Search for Values, by John Ciardi
49 Journey to Love, by William Carlos Williams
Reviewed by Richard Eberhart
50 Exiles and Marriages, by Donald Hall
Reviewed by Daniel G. Hoffman
52 The Writer Observed, by Harvey Breit
Reviewed by Robert Halsband

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf
16 Literary Crypt
23 Letters to the Editor
24 Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes
25 *SR* Goes to the Movies, by Hollis Alpert
26 TV and Radio, by Robert Lewis Shayon
27 Music to My Ears, by Irving Kolodin
28 The Fine Arts, by James Thrall Soby
40 Booked for Travel, by Horace Sutton
53 Literary I.Q.
59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1143

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S.A. Vol. XXXIX, No. 7. February 18, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bulldozers churn through the million-ton coal pile at one of the gigantic plants in this record-breaking electric power project.

Electric Companies build largest power project ever

Here's dramatic evidence that no job is too big for America's independent electric light and power companies!

The plant above is part of a huge new electric power project on the Ohio River—new plants, new power lines, new facilities. A group of independent electric light and power companies, working together, is finishing this project at a cost of nearly $400,000,000. The largest ever built at one time, it is producing more electricity than is used by the entire city of New York. All of the power from the project serves the Atomic Energy Commission's plant at Portsmouth, Ohio.

The ability of America's independent electric light and power companies to tackle any job, *no matter how large*, is your assurance of plenty of power for your own future electric living. To meet *tomorrow's* needs for power, these companies are *today* building power plants and lines at a rate of 2 *billion* dollars a year. By 1965, the supply of electricity will be *double* what it is now.

Farsighted planning like this is one of the important reasons why you can always expect the best and the most electric service from *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

LOUIS SOBOL, who drifted down from Waterbury, Conn., to outslick all the slickers on the Main Stem (he has told of his adventures in "Some Days Were Happy"), has been covering the Broadway sector so long and so well for the *Journal-American* that he has learned all sorts of off-beat facts about Manhattan Island.

How well do *you* know "little old New York" and its denizens? Have a go at Sobol's 64,000-kopek quiz, and see how many of his questions you can answer:

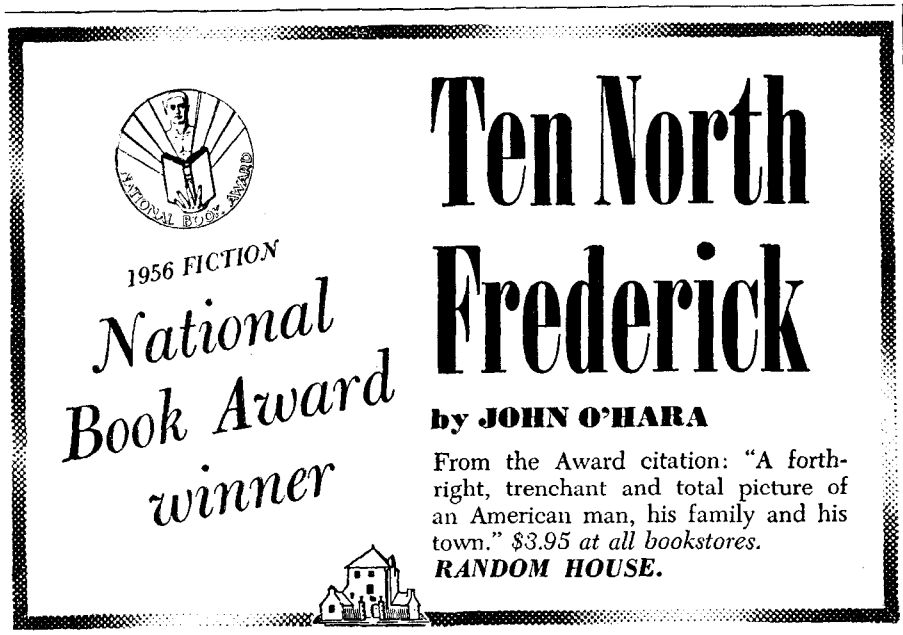
1. What famous New York building is situated on the site of a former large cattle stockyard?
2. A famous financier's toupee was once held by the New York Customs for payment of duty. Can you name him?
3. In what now-abandoned New York department store was a great invention first demonstrated in Manhattan?
4. Name a few personalities who lived above the Tavern (forerunner of Toots Shor's) on West 48th Street.
5. Where is the geographical center of New York City?
6. What comedian's mother was once a department-store detective?
7. What hotel once operated a boat for the convenience of its guests?
8. What skyscraper was built as the result of a personal feud?
9. What is reputed to be the oldest living thing in New York?
10. Where and how did the minstrel show originate?

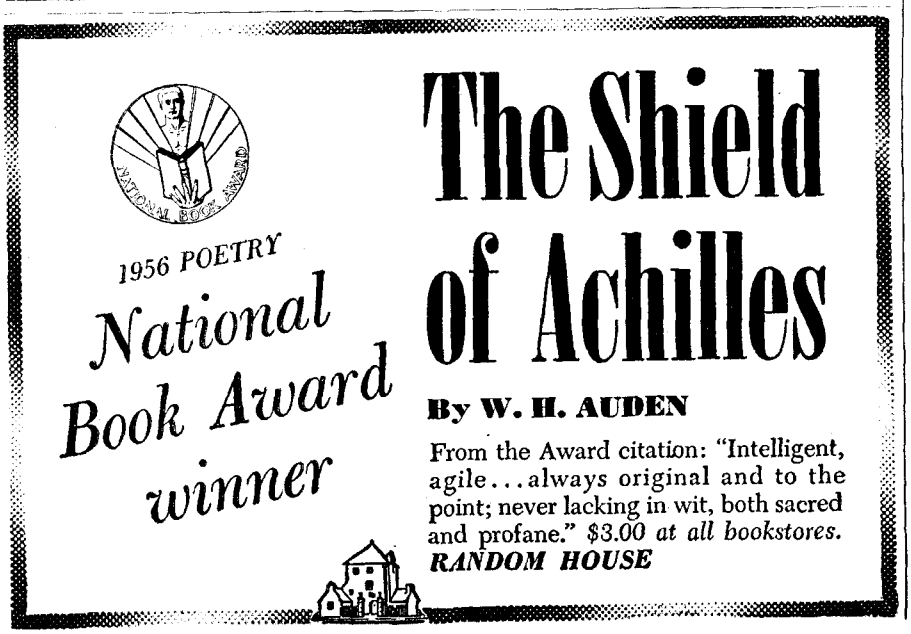
HERE ARE THE answers to Louis Sobol's teasers:

1. The New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue between 40th and 42nd Streets, where lovers of literature now can read between the lions.
2. John D. Rockefeller, Sr.
3. John Wanamaker's. Here Marconi revealed how his wireless worked. Shortly thereafter the part his invention played in saving hundreds of lives when the *Republic* went down in 1909 (and again in the *Titanic* disaster of 1912) made Marconi famous the world over.
4. Bugs Baer, Walter Winchell, Harry Richman, Irving Hoffman, and Phil Baker.
5. In Brooklyn—in the block midway between Van Buren Street and Greene Ave.—200 feet west of Reid Ave.
6. Milton Berle's.
7. The old Waldorf-Astoria. Guests could strut straight from Peacock Alley to the top deck of the S.S. *Calypso*, which cruised around the harbor, and up and down the Hudson. Tariff, $10 a trip, plus the usual Waldorf prices for "refreshments."
8. The Woolworth Building. The five-and-ten-cent-store titan, refused a loan by the Metropolitan Insurance Company, resolved to erect a structure that would dwarf the Metropolitan's tower, then the world's tallest.
9. An ancient tulip tree in Inwood Park, at the northern end of Manhattan. Under it Hendrik Hudson is said to have traded with the Indians.
10. In Wall Street! It was an outgrowth of the Slave Market established there in 1709. The slaves put on impromptu shows that certainly were gayer—and less expensive—than the shenanigans brokers have staged in that sector ever since!

FOLKS WHO CHOOSE to meander from Sobol's New York to Kupcinet's Chicago by any but the few crack passenger trains that operate between the two great cities today can find a reflection of their woes in a series of twelve jokebooks that were first published over fifty years ago, and have been in demand ever since.

All of them were compiled by an ex-brakeman named Tom Jackson, whose heirs are running the business from his original headquarters on Dearborn Street. The first of the series, "On a Slow Train to Arkansas" still sells best, with "Through Mis-


1956 FICTION
National Book Award winner
Ten North Frederick
by JOHN O'HARA
From the Award citation: "A forthright, trenchant and total picture of an American man, his family and his town." $3.95 at all bookstores.
RANDOM HOUSE.


1956 POETRY
National Book Award winner
The Shield of Achilles
By W. H. AUDEN
From the Award citation: "Intelligent, agile... always original and to the point; never lacking in wit, both sacred and profane." $3.00 at all bookstores.
RANDOM HOUSE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

souri on a Mule" pressing it for honors. In all, over 13,000,000 of these books have been printed, and they still turn over at the rate of 300,000 a year. Change the locale of Jackson's stories to Long Island or Northern Westchester, and long-suffering commuters can easily be made to believe that his ancient wheezes were written only day before yesterday.

Jackson was working on a slow train in the Northwest in 1903 when

he picked up a dog-eared joke book left behind by a passenger. "Shucks," he scoffed, "I can do a funnier book than that just telling some of the things that happen on this doggone railroad." "Go ahead and try," challenged Conductor Jim Burns. Jackson wrote out his gags in longhand, then persuaded a typographer in Spokane to set them up in print. The first edition was gone in a week, and the happy author was on his way to Chicago before the president of the road could catch up with him.

Jackson's heirs estimate that a goodly percentage of his books are sold today to TV comedians and "originating columnists."

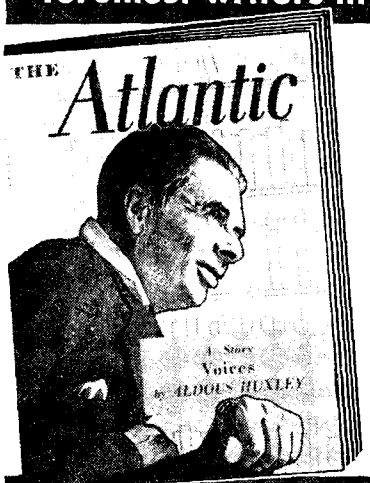
ALFRED H. HOLT maintains, by the way, that the very first train ever to arrive in Chicago *came by boat!* He describes the incident (his grandmother, who was a passenger, supplied him with the details) in a historical novel called "Hubbard's Trail," published a few years ago by the Erie Publishing Company of Chicago.

"The only thoroughgoing blackguard in my book," adds Mr. Holt, "is a completely imaginary innkeeper of Watseka, Illinois. Two days after Walter Gaul put on an autographing party for me in his Fort Lauderdale store, a man bought a copy and told me proudly, 'I was brought up in Watseka myself. One of my ancestors built the first hotel in town and operated it for many years.' Fortunately, he hadn't read the book yet. He hasn't been back since, or his lawyer either, so perhaps nothing will come of it."

PEOPLE WHO COMPLAIN that the mournful toot of a distant train whistle rarely reverberates through the countryside any longer are unaware that those old, prolonged blasts cost the railroads a pretty penny. The *Southern Pacific Bulletin* printed the result of

HALF PRICE

for a trial subscription that brings the world's foremost writers in every field into your home



For a fraction of its regular price you can "discover" and enjoy America's most distinctive magazine. The world's best writers, and great thinkers and doers make THE ATLANTIC America's most fascinating and informative periodical. Thousands of smart ATLANTIC readers enjoy each month the best combination of news, fun, information and adult entertainment available anywhere today. Invite THE ATLANTIC into *your* home for a few months at a spectacular saving, and see for yourself how much real reading enjoyment is packed between the covers of each issue.

Recent Contributors Include:

· Agnes De Mille · Walter Lippmann · Thornton Wilder · Robert Moses · Sir Osbert Sitwell · Sumner H. Slichter · Archibald MacLeish · Agnes Newton Keith · Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. · Frances Parkinson Keyes · Catherine Drinker Bowen · John Hersey · John Masefield · Bertrand Russell · J. Frank Dobie · James B. Conant · Christopher Fry · Rebecca West · Al Capp · Paul Hoffman · Clarence Randall · John P. Marquand · *and Many Others*

SEND NO MONEY — *Mail this coupon today*

HALF PRICE TRIAL — The regular subscription price of The Atlantic is $6 per year, or 50c per copy. By accepting this offer now, you will receive 8 issues at just 25c per copy — a $4 value for only $2! Because of its unusual nature this offer can be kept open for only 20 days. It is, therefore, to your advantage to return this coupon to The Atlantic, Boston 16, Mass., TODAY!

OFFER EXPIRES IN 20 DAYS

The ATLANTIC, Dept. Y88
8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Please enter my half price trial subscription to The ATLANTIC for 8 months and bill me for $2.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

MACARTHUR

HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH HISTORY

"With this record MacArthur seemingly closes his case before the bar of history." —*N. Y. Times*

"No book expresses MacArthur's views more directly than this; no book will do more to delight the general's friends or to infuriate his foes." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

by MAJ. GEN. COURTNEY WHITNEY

576 pages—$6.75 at most bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

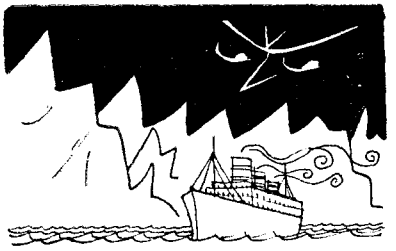
Coming:

REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S RELIGIOUS BOOKS

The Saturday Review—March 3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a survey made on the 265-mile run between Houston and Dallas. Every day, it says, locomotives on that section of the SP must whistle 6,268 times. The cost of fuel for each toot is about two-thirds of one cent, which adds up to something like $42 a day, and over $15,000 for a year! . . . And if all this chatter about railroading hasn't bored you by this time, and you'd like more of the same, I heartily commend to you B. A. Botkin's fascinating "Treasury of Railroad Folklore," a Crown publication.



I REFERRED ABOVE to the sinking of the *Titanic*. The best and most exciting book to appear on that subject is Walter Lord's thumping best-seller, "A Night to Remember" (Holt). It is a story you never will forget, and most haunting of all will be the insignificant details. For instance, a photograph exists of the iceberg that spelled the doom of the *Titanic* because a steward on another ship snapped it the next morning. He took the picture not because he knew about the *Titanic* (he didn't) but because he was puzzled by a big smear of red paint he noticed all along the base of the berg.

OVER 700 AMERICANS lost their lives aboard the *Titanic*, but, as Clark Kinnaird points out, that was far from the worst American ship disaster. In another April, in 1865, the Mississippi River steamboat *Sultana* exploded and killed an estimated 1,500 Union soldiers. Ironically, many of them had survived long months of living hell in the prison camp at Andersonville.

The full story of the *Sultana* disaster is included in "Tales of the Mississippi," by Samuel, Huber, and Ogden (Hastings House).

JOSH SARASOHN, of Detroit, had a bit of trouble traveling by plane. He was flying Air France, Chicago to London via Paris, in December 1953. At 3 P.M. the plane had to ground in London, to take on gas.

"This," said Sarasohn to the stewardess, "is where I'm going. Let me off."

"But no, M'suiu," she answered. "This we cannot do. We are not licensed to let passengers off in London."

"But for me to go on to Paris, then back to London is ridiculous," he pointed out. "See what you can do." She did. A couple of British lads came to the rescue—one with a mustache, one with an Old School tie. After a little confab they agreed to let him off—but without his bags. "Can't unload them now. Take too long," they explained. "We'll send your bags along tomorrow."

Sarasohn thought fast. "My dinner jacket is in one of those bags," he wailed.

That did it. "Get the bags out at once," ordered the man with the mustache. "No gentleman can dine without his dinner coat. And I do not propose to see this poor chap starve!"

—BENNETT CERF.

The National Book Award

for the year's outstanding

work of non-fiction goes to

AMERICAN IN ITALY

by Herbert Kubly

FOR 14 months Herbert Kubly wandered through Italy's hill towns and great cities. Wherever he went, the people spoke to him freely—of their loves, their hates, their politics. They included him in their lives.

The book that resulted is a joy (we quote *The New Yorker*), breathtaking (*The New York Times*), a delight to read (*New York Herald Tribune*) and now winner of one of America's great literary prizes. *$4.50 at all bookstores.*

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

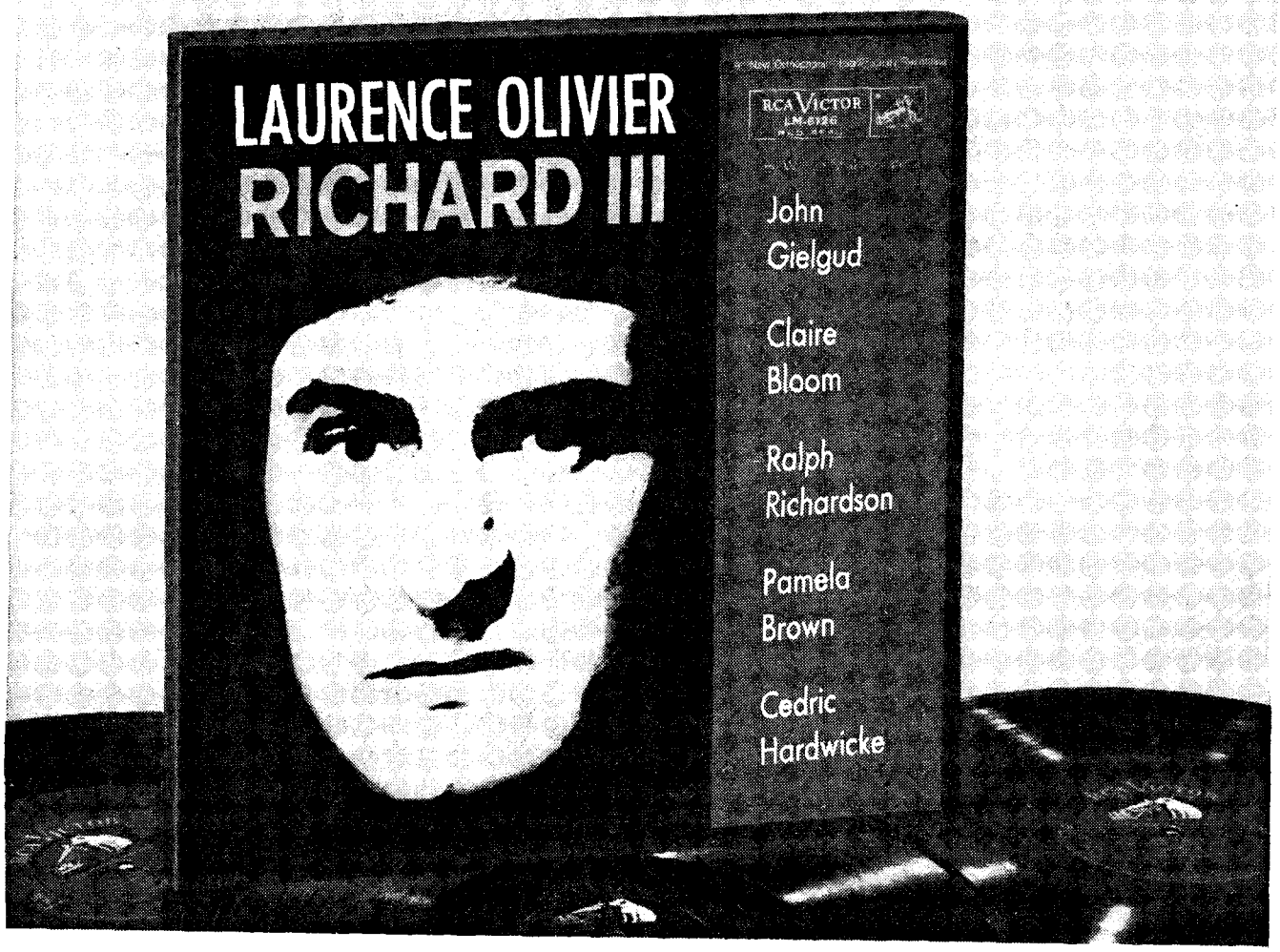
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1142)

WASHINGTON IRVING:

THE ALHAMBRA

Never shall I think of the Alhambra without remembering this lovely little being in its marble halls, dancing to the sound of the Moorish castanets or mingling the silver warbling of her voice with the music of its fountains.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Own the exclusive sound track recording of one of the greatest motion pictures ever made!

complete on RCA VICTOR Records

great drama . . . great music . . . great cast!

Hear William Shakespeare's Richard III" *exactly* as performed n the magnificent London Films roduction starring Laurence)livier, Claire Bloom, Ralph tichardson, John Gielgud, Pamela Brown, Cedric Hardwicke and ne members of the original cast!

Available now at your nearest RCA Victor Record Dealer. Complete on three Long Play Records with notes by Walter Kerr, drama critic of the N.Y. Herald Tribune (LM-6126) $11.98. Highlights from the sound track on one Long Play Record (LM-1940) $3.98*.

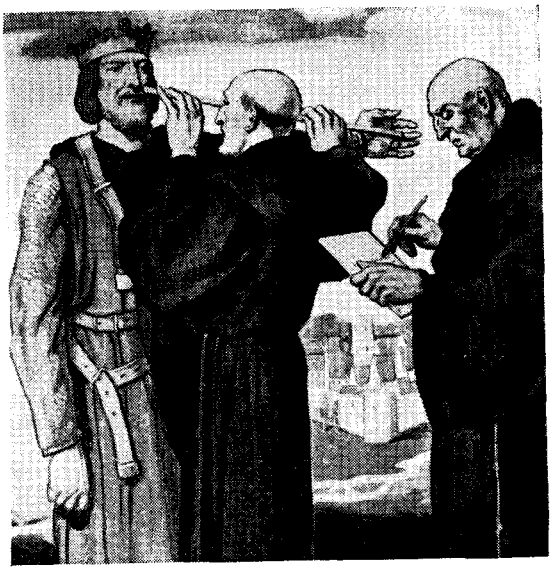
See the American motion picture premiere on NBC Television Sunday, March 11 from 2:30 to 5:30 pm, E.S.T. In color and black and white!

Nationally Advertised Prices *On sale March 1

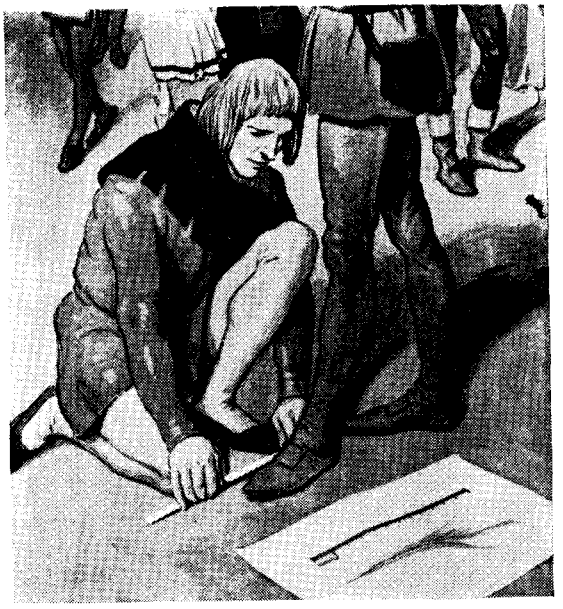
RCA VICTOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADE TO MEASURE



The Legal Yard in the time of King Henry I of England was the distance from the king's nose to about the end of his thumb.



The Foot as an English Unit of Measurement was at first based on the length of the human foot. Before the unit was standardized at a length of twelve inches, it varied from about twelve inches to nearly twice that length.

How World Book Makes Arithmetic Fun!

Mathematics is just one of the thousands of subjects interestingly handled in World Book Encyclopedia. World Book is a different kind of reference work. It is not only accurate, informative, and up-to-date, but inviting and refreshing to read.

Learning arithmetic by understanding our number system and how it operates is an essential part of a good educational program. World Book emphasizes the "meaning" point of view. A wealth of clearly-written material helps children to master the techniques of number relationships.

Parents will welcome the range of material which helps meet the individual needs of a student's homework assignments. Facts take on new meaning when enriched by an abundance of illustrative material such as World Book charts, diagrams, and pictures.

Yes, from simple computation through a discussion of the fourth dimension, mathematics can be challenging and interesting the World Book way. From fascinating biographies of famous mathematicians to recreational number activities, the World Book provides the ingredients for a rich program of arithmetic instruction.

These are only a few of the reasons why more people buy World Book, year after year, than any other encyclopedia.

WORLD BOOK

Encyclopedia

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division

[illegible] Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 18, 1956

KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT PAIN

Modern science has not unveiled the Ultimate Mystery of Life, but it has enormously added to the richness of our knowledge of the processes and premises of life. Using the telescope, X-ray, and betatron the scientist has uncovered detailed narratives of the life of a drop of water's population, of a prehistoric nomad community, of the birth and death of a billion stars. It is one of the great achievements of our own era, as Jacques Ducharme, book editor of Think *magazine, points out below, that this same scientist in the midst of these fascinating stories has developed the superb literary skills it takes to pass them on to the rest of us.*

By JACQUES DUCHARME

NOT SO long ago I went trout fishing in upstate New York. My companion was a man without much formal education. I daresay that his years of elementary schooling taught him to read and write and not much else. When it comes to Nature, however, he is a very knowledgeable person. As a hired man on a farm that would seem only normal, but he knows the ways of plants, birds, beasts, and fish not only through observation, but also through reading. If he has to, he will fight his way through a textbook on mammals or agriculture or taxidermy, but the bulk of his reading consists of the wonderful books that one can obtain today, and which depict the marvels of science to the layman. When such books come my way I send them on to him. In spite of his limited academic opportunities he has become a wildlife observer for the Government, and a personality with whom it is a pleasure to hold a discussion.

I am not saying that he got this way simply because he read science books. But they certainly did no harm to an intellectual curiosity, stimulated by God knows what psyche, and which made him aware of the fascination which is everywhere in Nature.

My own introduction to this type of literature goes back to my college days. One of our professors advised us to read the "Souvenirs Entomologiques," the literary masterpieces of that strange recluse and genius of southern France, Jean Henri Fabre. In his "Green Laurels," Donald Culross Peattie tells us of Fabre's fascination: "Never have there been . . . such life histories as these . . . he discovered rare and many totally new insects . . . in a land so old one would have thought nothing remained unfound. . . . And all this peeping on a cryptic underworld was reported in a style so light, so sure, so gay, that many scientists reproach him for it. This on the wobbly basis that it could not be science and at the same time poetry." And then Peattie goes on to a conclusion with which I heartily agree: "It is high time the world lost patience with the opacity of dullards, for it is no guarantee of profundity or accuracy. On the contrary, its presence in the style of a scientist should seriously alarm us about his vision."

My personal taste for this type of reading became fully developed some years later. I then had some acquaintance with Vernon Lyman Kellogg, a noted entomologist of yesteryear, a former assistant to Herbert Hoover in the Belgian Relief Commission of the First World War, and a very charming gentleman. During our association, I had occasion to read some short nature articles that he wrote, if memory serves, for William Allen White's *Emporia Gazette*, though I would not be too sure on this point. At any rate, I can still recall Dr. Kellogg's comment on the Great Snowy Owl. It ran something like this: "The scientific name of the Great Snowy Owl is *Nyctea Nyctea*, which means that it is nocturnal and extremely so." This personal touch of Dr. Kellogg's, his "extremely so," is the new note in the reporting of science so typical of our times.

This may be a somewhat roundabout way of coming to my point, but then Thomas Huxley expressed it the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

best: "To a person uninstructed in natural history, his country of sea-side stroll is a walk through a gallery filled with wonderful works of art, nine-tenths of which have their faces turned to the wall. Teach him something of natural history and you place in his hands a catalogue of those which are worth turning round."

The most important scientific and literary work of the nineteenth century was certainly Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species and the Descent of Man." It is not easy reading, however, and brings to mind the great Alexander Humboldt's remark about his own style being like "a Warsaw dressing-gown with forty pockets of parentheses." Darwin was read in his lifetime by all manner of people, since the reading public of his time was accustomed to such works, and ponderous science was a literary commonplace. It is worthy of note in this connection that Fabre could not read Darwin because of the dullness of his style. Today solid scientific tomes are still published in great quantity, but beside them we have what we might call popular scientific works, written by qualified men of science with insight and humor, and couched in a style that he who runs may read.

This is as it should be. Man has always been curious about his environment, not only as to the features of the landscape, but also about the various forms of life that he sees on every side. In a way, we are all bird-watchers at heart, just as, in our idler moments, we take our children to the zoo, we study for a moment the insect we are about to crush underfoot, or we wonder about a new flower in our neighbor's garden. Given the proper leisure, or, better still, given some knowledge of what is afoot in the land, and we can sense the universal plan and our place in it.

The question in all this, evidently, is how to gain this knowledge. We cannot all go to college, nor, granted this, would we all take courses in natural history. Yet some knowledge of this wide-ranging topic is at the base of all knowledge. Shakespeare's "Daffodils that come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty" is not only wonderful poetry, it is a very accurate rendering of a small part of Nature's pageantry in the spring. If we study all great poetry, we find that Nature "keeps breaking in." The reverse argument would seem to follow logically then, that science can be written as poetry.

APPRECIATION is one thing, understanding another. This is where the work of popular science plays its role. Written by scientists and not by hacks, what makes these books eminently worthy of study is their style, both as to language and presentation. The difficult is made clear and the whole is made palatable to the layman. In an age when science is increasingly entering our life this is important, since it permits everyone to gain some comprehension of the brilliant accomplishments taking place in every field of scientific activity.

The visitor to a natural history museum may stand before a habitat group of primitive man, and may either marvel or doubt at this reconstruction of a bygone age. Yet serious scientific work lies behind this display, and if the visitor wishes documentation, let him turn, for example, to this passage from Carleton S. Coon's "The Story of Man": "The Dordogne was a natural paradise for hunters. A lookout perched on a rocky outcrop could see for miles up and down the valley. The moist winds off the Atlantic furnished ample browsing for game, whose herds the lookout could identify as much as five miles away. A whistled signal or manual gesture to his fellows below would let them start their drive in the right direction, and the cliff walls would box in the cornered game. After the hunt, carcasses could be carried to the near-by caves, where bright fires welcomed the victorious hunters. In the walls of the cliffs themselves an abundance of flint awaited the tool-maker. Out in front of the cave ran a stream of cool water. What more could a man want in those, or any other, days?"

Here you have the locale, the climate, the men, the game, the shelter, it is a picture in miniature of one of the habitats of paleolithic man.

Should the museum visitor have puzzled over the skeletal remains of prehistoric reptiles, he can turn to George Gaylord Simpson's "Life of the Past": "An even greater enigma . . . is provided by some of the Permian reptiles with high spines on the vertebrae, evidently supporting a tremendous dorsal fin or sail. Many conjectures were made about this structure, varying from the guess that it was simply a fantastic nuisance (which is not entirely explanatory!) to the even less likely guess that the animal was aquatic and used the sail for tacking upstream in a brisk breeze."

The empirical sciences are not the only ones to benefit by a more sprightly rendering. The abstract sciences such as physics, astronomy and mathematics have also profited by a warmer touch. Thus Sir James Jeans, dealing with the ranges of brightness and size of stars, can comment in "Man and the Stars" that there is "a restful uniformity in their weights."

Mathematics does not seem a likely topic for literary treatment, yet Lancelot Hogben in his "Mathematics for the Million" and Morris Kline in his "Mathematics in Western Culture" show that mathematics is intimately linked with all of human life, and is not merely the subject which is required in every school curriculum. Hogben, studying the origin of counting, writes: "The extinct Tasmanian aborigines, who had scarcely passed beyond the Paleolithic level in cultural evolution, did not count beyond four . . . the need for counting large numbers of things was not felt until man began to keep herds and flocks."

ALBERT EINSTEIN'S work in physics would alone make our century notable. In collaboration with Leopold Infield, in "The Evolution of Physics," he sought to picture a state of things which the eye can never see. Fritz Kahn, in "Design of the Universe," gives this appraisal of Einstein's concept of mass-energy: "Simplicity is another criterion in evaluating a work of art or thought. The great sentences of philosophy are often no longer than three or five words. The Newtonian laws are short and simple. A formula cannot be simpler than the statement of the fundamental relation between matter and energy: $E = mc^2$."

Here, of course, the author's problem is to make words convey the meaning of symbols, and to depict scientific phenomena which are beyond our reach, and over which we have no control. Language is based on practical human experience. When the mind soars in the realm of the theoretical it is a great achievement when the humble reader can grasp the purpose of the thinker's speculation. In this context, we can note that the Dialogues of Plato can be studied as literature, apart from what they can tell us of pure philosophy, just as Lucretius, in "Of the Nature of Things," which is today merely a literary curiosity, yet prompted the remark of Herbert Read: "Science was never so effectively written."

William Irvine notes, in his recent "Apes, Angels and Victorians," that Lyell's "Principles of Geology" "occasioned little scandal" and he slyly adds "1600-page treatises seldom do."

Science is not static, nor is its literature. The latter reflects the times, and, one might add, the mental capacity of the reading public. The Victorians may have been of sterner mold than ourselves, indeed, one must often be stouthearted to read some of their writings. But they were not the only ones to sin in this respect. Many of the classics of science are today unreadable, or are perused merely as

(Continued on page 56)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (1848-1908) lived all his life in the state of Georgia, except for a sojourn of six months in New Orleans at the age of eighteen and other brief outings of a day or two. He was the son of Mary Harris of Newton County; his father was an Irish laborer with whom Mary had eloped, and who deserted her before his son's birth. When Harris was fourteen he commenced a lifetime journalistic career: printer's devil on the *Countryman* (a weekly published on Turnwold, the Turner plantation), the *Macon Telegraph*, the *Crescent Monthly*, the *Monroe Advertiser*, the *Savannah Morning News*, and finally, for twenty-four years until his retirement in 1900, a position on the *Atlanta Constitution* writing features, editorials, and many special items. While he worked on this famous paper he began to write the Uncle Remus tales that made him one of the most beloved of American authors.

The Magic of Uncle Remus

By EILEEN AND ROBERT MASON POLLOCK

ON A recent trip to Atlanta, Georgia, we reacquainted ourselves with one of the most memorable characters ever to walk through a storybook—Uncle Remus. We had run across his trail in various parts of the world, for his appeal has leaped the barrier of both ocean and language. In Egypt, India, Spain, Finland, Brazil, and England he holds an enthusiastic audience, and in Norway there is a children's radio series based on his stories.

We had first met Uncle Remus as children: a lean old Negro philosopher—his weatherbeaten face wreathed with a fringe of white beard—who sat outside the slave quarters and wove enchanting stories for the plantation owner's seven-year-old son. Suddenly it all seemed very near again and very real. And the stories themselves, as Uncle Remus had told them in a colorful dialect sprinkled with words like "reckembembunce" or "slanchendicklar," seemed nearest of all.

His were tales that turned nature into a fantastic fairyland with animals who acted and spoke like human beings. The "creeturs" of Uncle Remus's world had formal names: Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Sis Wolf, Sis Cow, or just plain "Mister"—Mister Lion, Mister Rooster—and with elaborate formality they addressed each other by their full titles at every encounter. It never occurred to us to doubt that Brer Tarrypin carried an umbrella or Sis Goose wore spectacles and an apron, for Uncle Remus made it all sound plausible.

Brer Rabbit, Uncle Remus's most popular character, was no ordinary bunny. Sly, mischievous, clever, and under all circumstances appealing, Brer Rabbit "smokin' his seegyar" or "chawin' his terbacker" moved lightheartedly from one adventure to another, somehow managing to wriggle out of each dangerous situation by using his head, for, as Uncle Remus explained, under Brer Rabbit's hat was "a mighty quick-thinkin' appleratus."

Brer Rabbit was much on our mind as we drove out to "Wren's Nest," home of Joel Chandler Harris, who created Uncle Remus over three-quarters of a century ago. There on the lawn stood a large, colorful signboard, showing Uncle Remus perched on a stool with a little boy opposite him.

He could well have been spinning the story in which Brer Rabbit found himself solidly stuck to the Tar-Baby—a figure made of soft tar mixed "wid some turkentime"—which Brer Fox, his old enemy, had rigged to trap him. "I'm gwine ter bobbycue you dis day, sho," the fox gleefully boasted.

But the impish, sassy little rabbit slyly planted an idea in the mind of his captor: "'I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'Roas' me, Brer Fox, but don't fling me in dat brierpatch.'

"'Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'dat I speck I'll hatter hang you.'

"'Hang me des ez high as you please, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but do fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch,'" sezee.

More frantic pleases convinced Brer Fox that this was the ideal punishment for Brer Rabbit before making a meal of him. The rest is history. Flung into the brier-patch, where he knew Brer Fox dared not venture, Brer Rabbit "holler out: 'Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch!' en wid dat he skip out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers."

We were still gazing at the signboard when a busload of school children drew up before it. They had traveled more than 200 miles to visit this memorial where thousands flock each year from every state in the Union and countries as far away as Australia and Japan.

Like us, they journey to find the spirit of Uncle Remus and to see mementoes of Joel Chandler Harris, the young newspaperman who once lived here and who, seventy-six years ago, gave literary life to Uncle Remus in the columns of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Almost overnight Harris became an internationally famous author. The only man who refused to acknowledge that fame was Harris himself. From the time he was a boy he had been shy and modest. Success changed nothing. When one of his small sons came to him in tears because he had heard his father called a "genius" and thought it meant something bad, Harris consoled him with a chuckle. The lad could dry his eyes, he pointed out—there was not a word of truth in the accusation!

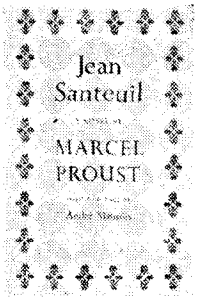
Some of the tales of Uncle Remus have been translated into Swedish, French, Bengali, Dutch, Spanish, Japanese, and a number of African dialects; the total number of books is estimated to be well over a million. To satisfy the growing demand for these stories, Houghton Mifflin recently brought out an 875-page book, the first to contain the complete tales of Uncle Remus. These tales have not only entertained myriads of readers, but have made an important contribution to the science of folklore, for the fables told by Southern slaves in America have been discovered in similar versions in Siam, Egypt, the Arab countries, and South America. Some of them appear in the mythology of American Indians, and even feature a mischievous rabbit who might be Brer Rabbit's twin. The mystery of where the fables originated has remained unsolved, but one thing is certain: Uncle Remus struck a chord in his unique renditions of them and is doubly loved because of it.

Uncle Remus was the inspiration for Walt Disney's full-length motion picture, "Song of the South," and of his internationally syndicated cartoon strip peopled with Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer B'ar, and the rest of the colorful "creeturs."

On the library wall of Wren's Nest

(*Continued on page* 47)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR's *Book of the Week:*

"JEAN SANTEUIL"

By D. W. ALDEN *of Princeton's modern language department.*

THE announcement, in 1951, that an unknown work by Marcel Proust, written at the turn of the century when the writer was in the late twenties and presumably his first essay at the novel, had been discovered in a Paris warehouse caught Proust specialists by surprise. They had supposed that André Maurois, who had been given access to all of Proust's papers to write his biography, had already culled out everything of interest. Maurois himself had overlooked an allusion to this work in the then unpublished letters of Proust to his mother which he had been the first to consult. Assembled by its discoverer, Bernard de Fallois, but unfortunately lacking any critical apparatus so that the job will have to be done over again, "Jean Santeuil" made three volumes in a typical French paper-back edition. Now it comes out in this country in one volume, in a monumental English translation by the eminent British translator Gerard Hopkins (Simon & Schuster, $5.95).

"Jean Santeuil" has different characters, different episodes, and a different structure than "Remembrance of Things Past," the stupendous novel Proust started writing a dozen years later. Yet it is so clearly an initial attempt to realize the inner vision of its author's genius that it becomes meaningful only in terms of the later great work to which it gave birth. As he wrote "Jean Santeuil" Proust was not fully conscious of what he wanted to do, even though he was already in possession of his techniques and themes. With the hindsight which comes from having read "Remembrance," one wants to take him by the hand and say, "This is what you should have done." When he came to this realization himself, he had the courage to put aside this fully written but unpolished novel and start again. Some French critics have called "Jean Santeuil" a "failure." On the contrary, it is the first step on the road to success.

This does not mean that one who has never read any of Proust cannot read "Jean Santeuil" with interest and meaning, for it is a work of genius in its own right. One is even tempted to suggest that some readers might find the style of this unexpanded novel less arduous than that of "Remembrance," and might thereby be led gradually to the greater work where style is everything. That is a perilous suggestion at best, for the reader may then stop short of the great work and fail to discover the real Proust.

For the initiate, "Jean Santeuil" is another matter. Imagine having lived for months, perhaps years, in the company of a work as great as "Remembrance," and having reached the inevitable last page, only to discover that the whole process can be reversed, that the characters can be made to live again but in a different form containing new surprises! This is an opportunity unique in literary history. Not only can Gilberte Swann be brought to life as Marie Kossichef, the Duchesse de Guermantes as the Duchesse de Réveillon, Saint-Loup as Henri de Réveillon; not only can we live again the mother's goodnight kiss or Swann's jealous promenading beneath his mistress' window (and conjecture that Swann must therefore be Proust since this happens to Jean Santeuil who stands for Proust); but, through the character of Jean Santeuil, we can see Marcel's life in a new perspective in his relations with his father and can participate in many new episodes such as the Marie political scandal, the Dreyfus trial scene, the storm at Penmarch. If we want to turn amateur literary sleuths, there is nothing to prevent us from identifying the sonata of Vinteuil with the sonata of Saint-Saëns or to detect all of Proust's major themes: involuntary memory, time, the subjectivity of love, the psychological contexture of society.

IMPERFECT though this early novel may be, we will discover in it not a rudimentary Proust but one who is already capable of accomplishing a

—Courtesy of Justin O'Brien.

Proust (center) and his friends on the Boulevard Bineau tennis court, c. 1892.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great work. In spite of occasional triteness which we can ascribe only to the incomplete shape of his work, he is the master of his metaphors and is fully capable of rendering in words the beauty of an object. That is to say, he is already one of the greatest poets in French prose. Simultaneously, he is one of the great novelists since he has that gift of animating characters which later won him the title of the twentieth-century Balzac. Furthermore, he is a profound thinker and is continually interrupting the linear development of his narrative with a metaphor which is not flowery language but a profound observation about human nature and truth.

What was so wrong, then, with "Jean Santeuil" that Proust felt the compulsion to make an entirely new start? A devotee of his later novel would be able to tell him that this first novel lacks the enchantment which comes with anticipation. This novel does not grip the reader as the great masterpiece does. For example, there is no poetry surrounding Jean's entry into the world of the Réveillons; he does not create it first like a fairyland in his imagination as the narrator does in "The Guermantes Way."

When he wrote "Jean Santeuil," Proust was still too close to the traditional French realists, although he fancied that he had put them far behind him. Flaubert had written his "Sentimental Education" in atonement for the melodramatic plot of "Madame Bovary" and to prove that life is discontinuous and uneventful. Proust tried to go one step further by proving that, although life may indeed be uneventful, it is composed of minor events which have special emotional significance for an individual. In "Jean Santeuil," then, he already had the notion of these "summits" in the emotional life. Among these summits he had already recorded three examples of involuntary memory and once he had exclaimed that "the past is a place of mystery rich with incredible promises," but he was not fully aware of what he had discovered. The old age of his parents, which is the scene ending "Jean Santeuil," had caused him to wind up on the theme of time just as he was going to do again in his great novel. Probably the death of his mother, coming shortly thereafter in real life, brought him to a realization that his life and work would henceforth be a "Search for Lost Time." Now he understood that, in "Jean Santeuil," he had both a theme and a method but that he would have to make better use of them. That is why he started again. Never before has literature had available so vivid a record of the genesis of a great work.

THE MAN: Marcel Proust was born just outside Paris in 1871. His father, a prominent physician, and his mother, the cultivated, intellectual daughter of a wealthy Jewish family, surrounded their slim, dark, sad-eyed son with that warm parental overprotectiveness that seems often to create insecurity in its recipients. When, at the age of nine, he suffered the first of a lifelong series of asthma attacks, his parents' protectiveness further increased.

As he grew up, in spite of a normal schoolboy life and a period of conscripted service in the army, his asthma, his fevers, and his neurasthenic elaborations of those maladies crept ominously across a life that was at first gay and convivial in a Paris circle that included *literati* like Léon Blum and Anatole France as well as a number of dilettante aristocrats. At thirty he was still living with his parents, and had already immured himself in the famous corklined chamber in which, protected from noise and dust, surrounded by aromatic steams from a vaporiser, and stewing in a welter of bed-clothes, papers, and medicines, he commenced the novel that would be his life's work. From the matrix of this room he carried on a complicated vicarious social life, maneuvering his friends in and out of dinner and theatre parties which he sometimes actually attended but which he more often savored through the reports of participants, writing and receiving letters that vibrated with delicate attenuations of love and spite, and above all, picking the brains of aristocrats, scientists, and *literati* for the astonishing masses of concrete information that he was constantly weaving into the seven volumes of his growing novel.

When the publication of this work in the years after 1913 began to earn him a literary reputation, the pattern of his withdrawn life hardened protectively about what was now the central effort of his existence: to cheat impending death by recapturing the past in literary form. After his parents had died in 1903 and 1905, he seldom ventured out except in the small hours, and then only to flit briefly through the streets and the half-empty restaurant and cabaret haunts of his still loyal and affectionate friends. On one of these sorties, in October 1922, he took a chill that developed into acute bronchitis, and a month later, correcting proofs and dictating additions to his novel almost to his last labored breath, he died.

THE MASTERPIECE: Andre Gide examined, as a publisher's reader, the manuscript of the first volumes of "Remembrance of Things Past," and summarily rejected it for imprecision of language. But by 1913 it had been published by another firm, and what had appeared at first to be merely a snobbish "odor of duchesses" and a pretentious strain on the resources of French syntax was becoming acknowledged as an astonishing achievement of literary art, psychology, and metaphysics. Proust had attempted to recapture by an association of sensations of odor, taste, sound, and feeling the past of his childhood. This method of annihilating time he had derived from John Ruskin's belief that art demanded precision of observation, and from Henri Bergson's doctrine that the depths of human memory are more accessible to the senses than to the intellect.

These doctrines, served by a style that held myriad details of metaphor and analysis in a suspension of long, undulating clauses, allowed him to transcend the limitations of the upper-class world of which he had been an habitué, and to find, beneath the sophistication of Swann, the mincing arrogance of Charlus, and the Lesbian treachery of Albertine, the archetypal humanity that he felt surging through his own almost pathological nostalgia and his intense but aborted loves and friendships.

THE FIRST TRY: "Jean Santeuil" is a more naked and condensed autobiography than Proust chose to write in his great work. Its first incident depicts the agony of the seven-year-old Jean who is momentarily denied the pleasure of his mother's goodnight kiss because there is a guest downstairs and because the parents are trying to break the boy of his nervous and effeminate dependence on them. One of the last incidents involves the now almost adult Jean's crushing discovery that his beloved Françoise has had a homosexual liaison. Readers of "Rememberance of Things Past" will recognize familiar incidents here; their sense of *déjà vu* will be intensified by the further glimpses they are afforded of the adolescence of Jean, with scenes in the Lycée, of the Dreyfus affair, and from the brilliant and luxurious lives of the noble Réveillon family. Through all these incidents Jean struggles, even as Marcel did, to assert his literary ambitions in the face of his father's demands that he enter the law or diplomacy. At the end of Jean's story, as at the end of "Remembrance of Things Past," and as at the end of Marcel Proust's life, there is a trembling realization of the power of time that cuts the child off from his dying parents, and from all security in this world.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proust and Gide Displayed

By JUSTIN O'BRIEN

PARIS.

PROBABLY no nation so tangibly honors a dead writer as does France. Whether or not he has reached the Academy before his death, his posthumous life begins when a Society of Friends and Admirers is formed, a plaque is affixed to his birthplace, or a street is renamed after him. In place of our literary cocktail parties for the living, exhibits organized by libraries and private galleries keep the dead celebrity's memory alive. Just this fall and winter the National Library in Paris has held such shows in honor of the Romantic poet Gérard de Nerval, the sixteenth-century Malherbe, and Emile Verhaeren, born 100 years ago.

But the most interesting exhibits for twentieth-century literature centered around the persons of Marcel Proust and André Gide. The former, at London's Wildenstein Gallery in New Bond Street, was a thoroughly French manifestation organized by the French Cultural Affairs Office. Besides grouping photographs and paintings of all Proust's relatives and friends, including those who unwittingly contributed something to Swann, Charlus, Gilberte, and other characters, it displayed such mementos of the great recluse as an inkstand, a waistcoat, a lock of hair, and the Ruskin volumes from which he translated "The Bible of Amiens." A pencil sketch of Oscar Wilde by Boldini showed that controversial figure in a new light, as did an early Blanche portrait of a willowy Jean Cocteau that no one would think of looking for in the Carnavalet Museum in Paris, its permanent home. Other paintings by such as Gustave Moreau, Whistler, Monet, and Sisley evoked not only the general atmosphere of Proust's work but even individual scenes and episodes.

The most moving part of the London exhibit, however, was not so much this plentiful iconography, nor yet the impressive roster of great names of France—Gramont, Guiche, Montesquiou, Noailles, Polignac, Greffulhe—borne by the writer's friends, nor even the mass of letters to and from Proust's corklined, fumigated room. Rather it lay in the artfully exhibited manuscripts ranging from two schoolboy essays by way of the twenty thick manuscript volumes of "Remembrance of Things Past" to the last note hastily scribbled on the back of an envelope. In those pages, as in the long galley-proofs cut and spliced with endless autograph addenda, Marcel Proust distilled his particular vision of the dead world which all the other objects in the gallery strove to reconstruct for us.

Across the channel in Paris, soon after, there opened an equally fascinating Gide exhibit in the small and ultra-rich Bibliothèque Littéraire Jacques Doucet. Inasmuch as that collection covering the best in French literature from Rimbaud to the present was bequeathed by the rich dressmaker Doucet to the University of Paris, it is housed in one large, semi-private room of the Sorbonne library. There the indefatigable and charming Mlle. Marie Dormoy and her assistant Jacques Naville (who happens to be one of the literary executors of André Gide) preside over the invaluable collection of manuscripts and first editions, which is constantly growing through bequests and intelligent purchases. In fact, the entire Gide exhibit, but for a few photographs lent by various collectors, was composed of documents bequeathed by Gide himself or given by his daughter, Mme. Catherine Lambert-Gide.

In this regard it differed greatly from the Proust show, made up of contributions from all over; and all but the most informed members of Parisian literary circles, who flocked to the opening, were dazzled by the wealth and completeness of the collection. Each showcase covered one aspect of a long and intense literary life: the novelist with manuscripts of the principal novels; the dramatist with neat holographs of "Oedipus" and other plays; the literary critic and influential editor who founded the *Nouvelle Revue Française* back in 1908; the public figure who served as mayor of his town at twenty-five, later fought to improve conditions in the Congo, and eventually flirted with Communism before winning the Nobel Prize. To many the most appealing case presented in tumbled disarray, as if an attic trunk had just been opened, the eighty-three pocket notebooks of various formats and colors in which Gide kept his "Journals" from 1889 to 1949.

Almost every showcase bore testimony to Gide's vast correspondence with fellow writers, admirers, and critics through letters carefully chosen from among the ten thousand in the Doucet collection of Gidiana. Letters from Rilke, Valéry, Conrad, Romain Rolland lay beside others from lesser known writers, while one small space piquantly grouped handwritten notes on governmental stationery from such disparate political figures as Léon Blum and Charles Maurras, Poincaré and Herriot, D'Annunzio's tall stylized hand contrasted with Bergson's neat legible characters and Wilde's loose scrawl. Among the letters and on the surrounding walls, unpublished photographs of Gide at all periods, of his associates and familiar haunts, of his saintly wife and Arab boy Athman illustrated the eighty years of his full life.

BOTH these exhibits in London and Paris this winter brought their subjects closer to us, making visitors feel they had penetrated the intimacy of two great modern writers who had much in common and yet lived worlds apart. The obvious differences between the shows reflected the differences between the two men. Whereas in Proust's case the emphasis fell on the brilliant and colorful world in which he had lived, the Gide collection centered rather on the personality and work of the writer. It is also significant—art galleries being more affluent than universities—that this reconstruction of Proust's elegant world will live on in an illustrated catalogue while the Gide material left no record except in the memory.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 660

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 660 will be found in the next issue

BA'T HONRY GIO DRUG IN
IRE YBQFT OF TMFLC
KRTA OHBABLJ.
—"AFL LIEAG
NEFCFEBUX."
KIGL I'GHEH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 659

Anybody's life can be summed up in a paragraph.—"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit."
—SLOAN WILSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Humility in Command

***"The Horse Soldiers," by Harold Sinclair** (Harper. 336 pp. $3.95), tells of the unwitting heroes who, as members of Grierson's cavalry, cut a swath across Mississippi during the Civil War.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

FEW documents can be more unreliable upon occasion than the sentimental memoirs of old soldiers. For sheer audacity and imagination, perhaps no exploit during the Civil War excelled the cavalry raid under Ben Grierson. Across six hundred miles of Mississippi in those spring months when the Vicksburg campaign started to boil, fierce-bearded Ben and his horsemen cut three different railroad lines, destroyed sixty miles of telegraph, and thus isolated the state capital on the north, south, and west. Yet in later years Henry Clayton Forbes, who had ridden with Grierson, recalled the raid as "essentially a *game* of strategy and speed . . . a strenuous game, rather than a bloody one, intensely exciting, but not necessarily very dangerous."

Harold Sinclair knows better. In "The Horse Soldiers" he employs the sensitivity of a competent novelist to reconstruct in full human detail this astonishing episode. And a rousing story he makes of it, not abusing the historical essentials, but infusing them with an imaginative depth denied the literary historian.

A critical sport during the next few years likely will be to compare all Civil War novels to MacKinlay Kantor's "Andersonville," and an unfair game it should prove. Kantor had one problem and Sinclair another. His objective in "The Horse Soldiers" is to fashion a tale of high adventure concerned with men who believe they are riding into an inevitable doom, and who through luck and skill, courage and tenacity succeed in making a seemingly impossible escape. A splendid novel of suspense results, and also an absorbing study of the soul-searing bedevilments that the responsibility of [illegible] brings to a man.

For Colonel Jack Marlowe the war began when a period of his own life had ended with the death of his wife. Marlowe therefore went to war for much the same reason that leads a man to emigrate to a new country—he needed a fresh start in life. Quickly he learned that the Bible of the Union Army, Hardee's "Tactics," was of scant usefulness to him. In the cavalry, each situation created its own rules of war.

Nor was there anything in Hardee's "Tactics" to tell an officer how to deal with the sickening futility that command produced. How did you decide which company to sacrifice for the good of the brigade? When fatigue dulled your mind and brittle temper warped your judgment, what then? Stranded in the middle of an enemy-infested country, with one chance in a hundred of getting out, how did you make the right guess?

In terms such as these Sinclair gives Marlowe flesh and spirit, conscience and magnificence. The colonel is no hero to himself; few men in war ever are. He is simply caught in a trap from which, with God's good help, he must escape. Yet the will to command rises in Marlowe; in the true sense, at thirty-six, he becomes the tough-fibered Old Man the brigade needs to muddle through, paying his own price for that accomplishment.

Around Marlowe are all the others swept through this same human grist-mill. For one, there is Colonel Blaney, a stalwart commander to equal Grant except that history forgets more heroes than it remembers. Another is Surgeon Keller, believing medicine was a craft to practice wherever the need existed and encountering a conflict between professional ethics and military regulations that could have shattered Marlowe and himself.

In the end Marlowe and his ragged, dirty, foul-smelling boys reach Baton Rouge and the safety of the spit-and-polish Union command operating there. By then they had become a legend of gigantic proportions—to the history books rather than to themselves.

"The Horse Soldiers" is nothing at all like "Andersonville." In its own right, however, this vigorous, compact, intensely human novel by Harold Sinclair deserves a place in the first rank of recent American historical fiction. In its own right it sheds a telling wisdom onto those motives that lead men to suffer and bleed, to fight and die.

Sinclair—"a place in the first rank."

Perilous Probe

***"All Honorable Men," by David Karp** (Alfred A. Knopf. 311 pp. $3.95), is the story of a liberal educator and his experiences working for a foundation backed by super-patriots.*

By Walter Havighurst

IN "All Honorable Men," David Karp has brought together two very contemporary subjects—the educational foundation and the loyalty probe. In an angry and articulate novel, he shows what an ugly word "loyalty" can be in the mouths and minds of super-patriots, and he makes clear how difficult it is for men to stand together in defense of simple justice.

The story centers about a project, with forty million dollars behind it, for the nurture and spread of conservatism. The fact that the project's founders are fascists rather than conservatives is not apparent at the start, and so some honorable men unwittingly become victims of its ruthless Board of Governors. Too late they find that they are riding on a tiger's back.

The founders are an immensely wealthy manufacturer, his predatory wife, his glib and selfish nephew, and his executive, General Van Ord, a former comrade and an unceasing admirer of General George F. Patton. When they ask Milo Dexter Burney, a liberal educator, to direct their proposed Institute, Burney finds sufficient reason to accept.

Burney's education soon begins. Before he could assemble a faculty, he discovered that his Board was cynical, fearful, and suspicious. When Van Ord objected to "being involved with men whose loyalty I question," Burney was forced to agree to investigation of his nominees. Investigation, it develops, means wiretapping and the use of concealed cameras and microphones; it means the weighting of a letter smuggled from a raw F.B.I. file as though it were a sworn deposition.

The storm builds up quickly. Its victim is an economist whose past associations look dangerous to Van Ord and whose family is vulnerable. When he is driven to suicide and those around him ruined, Burney, who had urged him to submit to investigation, feels guilty. The icy Van Ord answers for his Board of Governors: "I do not feel that any of us has reason to reproach himself."

Mr. Karp tells the story with unflagging pace and tension. In the hunt

(*Continued on page* 53)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portraitist of the Winged

"Louis Agassiz Fuertes: His Life Briefly Told and His Correspondence Edited," by Mary Fuertes Boynton *(Oxford University Press. 311 pp. $7.50), is a daughter's biography of an illustrator of birds whose work may well have surpassed that of the better-known Audubon. It is reviewed below by Donald Culross Peattie, author of "The Road of the Naturalist" and other books.*

By Donald Culross Peattie

IN 1927 there was snuffed out at a railroad crossing the life of Louis Agassiz Fuertes, whom many believe to be the greatest ornithological illustrator since Audubon. Indeed, according to Roger Tory Peterson, Audubon is merely the favorite of the "American public" and the "lay artist," but "to the strictly ornithological clan Fuertes stands without peer, placed way ahead of Audubon." By that token Fuertes *should* be the greatest ornithological illustrator who ever lived. But it takes time to evaluate such superlatives.

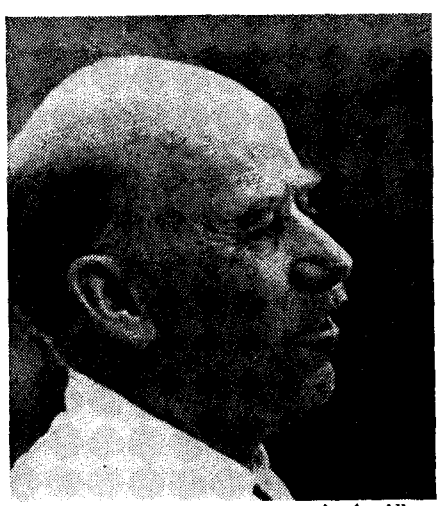
Twenty-nine years have passed since Fuertes's untimely death, yet no book-length biography of him has appeared until "Louis Agassiz Fuertes: His Life Briefly Told and His Correspondence Edited," by Mary Fuertes Boynton, his daughter. It is made up not only of Mrs. Boynton's narrations, linking parts of Fuertes's life together, but of some of Fuertes's own journals, a fine selection of his delightful, witty, vernacular letters, and a representative interpolation of letters to Fuertes from just about every naturalist of the day. Perhaps his greatest friend was the late great ornithologist Dr. Frank Chapman. His greatest pupil and leader of what has become known as the "Fuertes school" of bird portraiture is none other than Dr. George Miksch Sutton.

Louis Agassiz Fuertes was born in Ithaca, N. Y., where his father, of Spanish descent, was professor of civil engineering at Cornell. The "Louis Agassiz" part of his name was bestowed out of reverence for the great Swiss-American naturalist who had died shortly before. If it is possible for one man's soul at death to enter the body of a baby born at about that time, then L.A.F. was as near a reincarnation of his great namesake as one could ask. Both were born geniuses of natural history. Both, from childhood, showed a curiosity about Nature analytical and reverent.

But the first great influence in L.A.F.'s life was Audubon, over whose plates, as a boy, he pored endlessly. And it seems to me that L.A.F., as a bird-portraitist, is more clearly descended from Audubon than from anyone else. It was the long-dead Audubon who really taught him how to portray birds; it was his living teacher, Abbott Thayer, who came closest to misleading him. There will be many who will not agree with this contention, but the evolution of Fuertes's own pictures, and Fuertes's voluminous exchange of letters with the Thayers and with Frank Chapman, will bear me out, I believe.

Abbott Thayer was a celebrated artist of his day, whose pictures, bearing such titles as "Virgin Enthroned," "Winged Figure," "Boy with Angel," "Figure Half-Draped," and "Florence Protecting the Arts" were once the pride of the Corcoran, Freer, Carnegie, Boston Fine Arts, and Metropolitan collections. At the very outset of his career, Fuertes received from Abbott Thayer a letter at once condescending and generous, offering, for nothing, to teach the talented young man how really to paint. Fuertes accepted, and so was established a lasting friendship, dispute, influence, and reaction from that influence which consumed rather too much of Fuertes's precious time on earth.

Like many greater artists, Thayer had his own theories about patterns of light and shade, the optical effects of lighting a subject from above and from below, and laid great emphasis on "color values," a favorite word whose recondite significance seemed to be revealed in entirety only to Thayer. These investigations, which the Thayers called scientific experimenting, were, they believed, closely applicable to the theory of protective coloration in animals. The Thayers never quite claimed to have invented the theory (since Darwin, Bates, and many others had already done much with it and primitive savages well understand it), but they did believe that artists know far better than naturalists how to interpret it, since artists are superior at observing color and understanding its effects. In the Thayers' book every animal enjoys protective coloration, even when its "protection" is a mask for predation. If you asked them how a flamingo was protectively colored, they had a ready answer. They painted pink flamingoes against a pink sunset (or sunrise).



—*A. A. Allen.*

Fuertes—"dual gifts of art and science."

Fuertes, of course, saw all the weaknesses of this proposition, the most important one being that if "Thayer's Law" was as operative as its author thought, the birds protectively concealed by a matching of their color patterns with the environment should be invisible in a picture—in which case there was really nothing to paint except sunsets, and the like. But as an illustrator Fuertes had to make his birds stand out boldly enough to be identified, and so brought down a whole packet of scolding letters from Gerald Thayer, who considered L.A.F. practically apostate. Yet at the same time Fuertes was trying desperately to defend "Thayer's Law" against the reticent doubts of Frank Chapman and the outspoken charges by Theodore Roosevelt that the whole thing was rubbish—that zebras are not striped in order to be concealed among the vertical shadows of river reeds, but because black stripes are part of a zebra's heredity. And most of the time they are out in the open, not hiding, said T.R. In trying to defend the Thayers, L.A.F. was driven to saying, in effect, that a naturalist who has seen wild zebras in the field may know less about them than a man who has a theory about them That theory, of course, was a backward step, in so far as it rested on the old belief that everything in Nature serves a purpose. This is where science came in, several thousand years ago, not where it expects to go out.

One can only conclude after reading the long interchange of letters that Fuertes would have been a grea

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

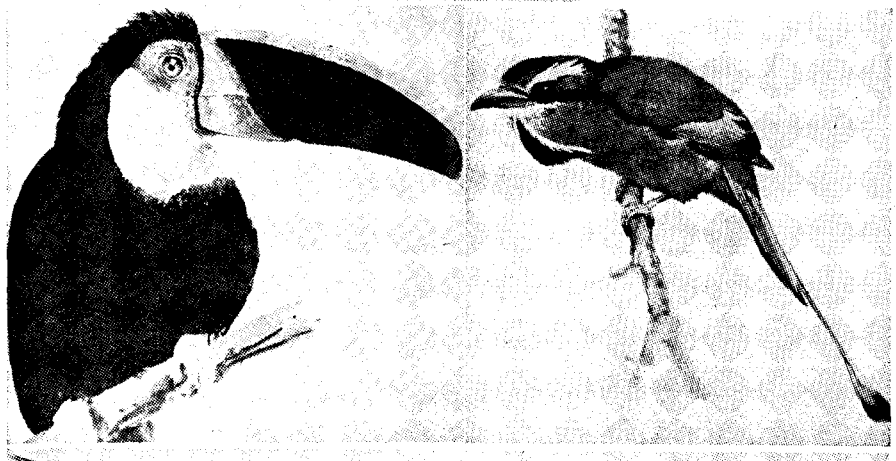
bird-portraitist even if he had never met the Thayers. Certainly his best pictures show how far he got away from the idea of making birds melt into their backgrounds, and in his later pictures, he came almost full circle to his first model, the Audubon style of a very light background, a very prominent bird.

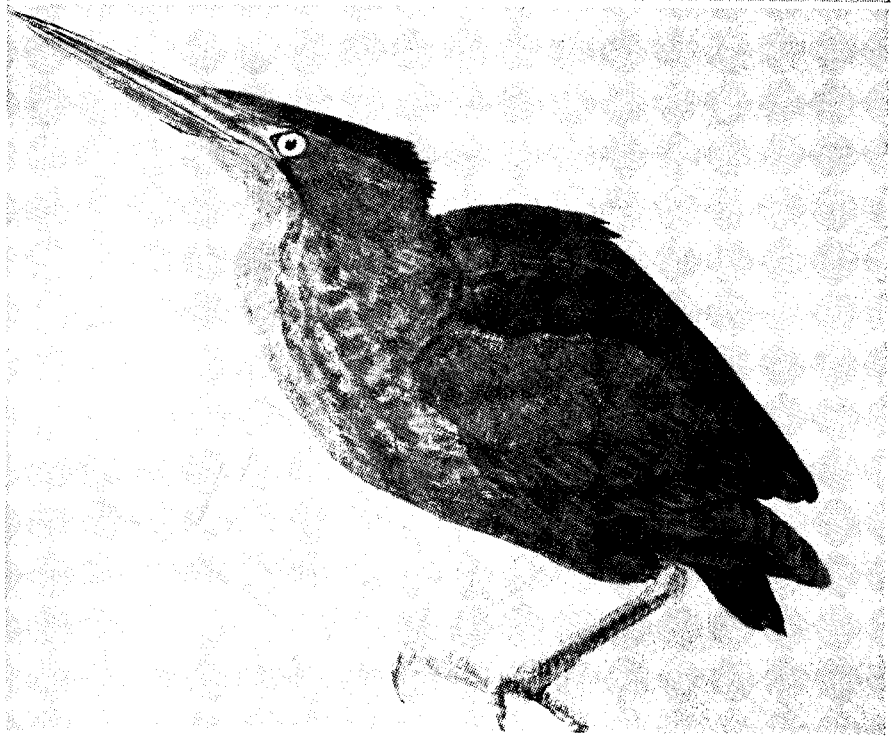
In Fuertes's lifetime every honor he could have cared for came to him. With his great gifts for humor and charm he had hundreds of personal friends. With children he was a perfect Pied Piper. He had a loving wife who learned, right on her honeymoon in Jamaica, to put herself second to the skinning, disembowelment, and painting of birds, and never again attempted to follow her husband through the fatigues and discomforts of collecting expeditions. Men of great wealth, and rich institutions, sent Fuertes to Alaska, the Andes, Abyssinia, and other strange places, and in so doing did themselves honor.

Why, then, are Fuertes's paintings so little known except to ornithologists? Or, rather, why do few people know that he painted the pictures that millions have seen? For years he did beautiful work for the *National Geographic* that must have been seen by everyone who ever turned pages in a dentist's anteroom. He illustrated "The Burgess Bird Book" for children. His are the gorgeous creatures that illuminate the pages of William Beebe's "Monograph of the Pheasants." Fuertes worked hard and long for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, turning out bird and mammal pictures to illustrate *Farmers' Bulletins*, but how many farmers ever examined those pictures for the artist's signature? Roger Peterson thinks that Fuertes is less of a household name than Audubon because Audubon's pictures domesticate better (look better hanging on the wall). One possible answer is that Audubon painted almost exclusively the birds of America while Fuertes has suffered because so much of his most gorgeous work was expended on exotic species.

The black-and-white reproductions in the volume are well reproduced and will give a good idea of the Fuertes style. They may also tell you better than words could why Audubon is still not eclipsed, in the opinion of mere "lay" artists, and of the much despised American public of which some of us are members.

A biography of Fuertes by a loving daughter was obviously a first necessity. Now that Mrs. Boynton has so graciously led the way, it is to be hoped that others who knew L.A.F., or can evaluate his dual gifts of art and science, will add their contributions.





A GALLERY OF FUERTES

LEFT: Brandt's Cormorant.

BELOW LEFT: Toucan.

BELOW RIGHT: Motmot.

BOTTOM: Cory's Bittern.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tales of Whales

***"Follow the Whale," by Ivan T. Sanderson** (Little, Brown. 423 pp. $6), is the life story of the whale from 60,000,000 B.C. to the present and of whalers starting with Neolithic man.*

By T. Morris Longstreth

ONCE again a writer is calling in the whale to further man's understanding of himself. But now the animal is not required to swallow a "prominent Israelite"—Ivan Sanderson's term—nor take part in a mighty allegory. This time the author has swallowed the whale, or at least digested the vast literature on whaling. The dual result in Mr. Sanderson's book "Follow the Whale" is an enlargement of knowledge of both the whale and man so extensive as to recreate the past for most of us in this regard.

The whale has not had a better spokesman for a handful of reasons. Edinburgh-born Sanderson, for all his Eton and Cambridge education, is a Pict at heart and by early environment. When he was a boy he entertained some Norwegian and Sheltie flensers, blubber-strippers, by wriggling through the main artery of a seventy-foot whale into the heart of the animal. He cites this exploit to drive home the colossal scale of a creature whose tongue weighs three pounds. Actually he wanted to impress those whalemen that he was one of them.

The Picts, as distinguished from the sheep-herding Scots, can follow their blood back to the sea-rovers of the old Norse kingdom with its whalers who engraved their feats on the faces of fjord rocks in Norway eight thousand years ago. Ivan Sanderson's father kept seaweed for manure in a round house of prehistoric fashion with whales' ribs for rafters and peat for roofing. The son, with the ancient stir in his blood, broke loose at seventeen to voyage around the world to collect animals and has explored in sixty countries. "Follow the Whale" has been maturing during the writing of nine previous books. Add his immense feeling for the life he is rehearsing to his immense knowledge of its details and you have something that is remarkably like a *magnum opus*.

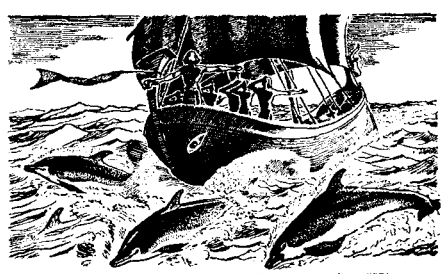
In spite of "The Book of Jonah"—judicially considered by Mr. Sanderson—and R. B. Robertson's "Of Whales and Men" (1954), we in the United States tend to feel that most of the whaling that amounted to anything began and ended with the New England era. Consequently one of the big surprises in "Follow the Whale" is the discovery that whaling was an important industry three thousand years ago. It also surprised King Tiglath-Pileser the First when he came upon the Phoenicians slaughtering sperm whales in the Mediterranean and hauling their carcasses on shore with winches. Stone Age men were drawing harpoons on rocks in 16,000 B.C. Nantucket please note.

More surprising still are Mr. Sanderson's revisions of man's mobility in the past. The Cretans, the Koreans, the princes of India were sailing the open ocean whole millennia before the peoples of western Europe had put a mast in a coracle. Such reminders are good for one's humility. We of the West today are prone to think of ourselves as the fountainhead of civilization without considering where the waters come from.

Naturalist Sanderson's seven ages of whaling may be coming to a close. Factory ships are pressure-cooking herds numbering 30,000 whales a year, and no one can estimate the supply. There are two outs for the whale: conservation agreements may be enforced, or man may render himself extinct first. Whales are not advised to bank on either hope.

Historian Sanderson, sometimes poet in expression and possibly novelist at heart, introduces each of his dozen races of whalers by imagined scenes of capture. His knowledge of forgotten practices makes vivid these three-dimensional dramas on their watery stages. His exposition is equally alive. He is continually producing facts that upset petrified opinion with a touch of irony or the tingle of humor.

The past grows constantly more exciting, thanks to researches of this illuminating sort. While Mr. Sanderson is giving us the whale and its significance in history, he is raising our estimate of ancient peoples, equating the ages, and projecting the brotherhood of man backward. His insight breaks large holes in the opaque wall of the dead generations. It is strange but heart-warming to find that our forebears were not nearly so little evolved or stupid as we have liked to think.



—From "Follow the Whale."

". . . the writer calls in the whale."

On the Turtle's Trail

***"The Windward Road," by Archie Carr** (Alfred A. Knopf, 258 pp. $4.50), is a leisurely enquiry into sea turtles in the Caribbean.*

By August Derleth

"ON ALL but the smallest islands of the Caribbean, there are roads that lead to or run along the upwind coasts, and these are known as windward roads," writes Archie Carr in explanation of his title in the preface to his third book. As preparation for writing "The Windward Road," Mr. Carr followed many windward roads along the Caribbean island and mainland shores on biological research into his special field, which is the domain of turtles, particularly sea turtles, to man's knowledge of which he adds substantially in these pages, though he also writes with perceptive warmth and understanding of plants, animals, and people in Trinidad, Costa Rica, and the Caymans.

Though there are consistently interesting pages on sloths, pacas, the paradox frog, lizards, and other inhabitants of Caribbean shores, most of this book is concerned with turtles. Mr. Carr examines the riddle of the Ridley turtle of the Caribbean—as apart from that of the Pacific, which offers no puzzle to biologists; is it, as the natives firmly believe, a sterile hybrid, or does it reproduce?—and, if so, why have its eggs never been found, and why does the strange Ridley bear none of the characteristic marks of pregnancy? He explores the nesting grounds of the chelonia, that green turtle which served Columbus and other early travelers to these shores so well, and includes a coldly rational chapter setting forth the reasons for his conviction that, unless something determined is done to stop turtle hunting, this once numerous turtle is doomed to extinction.

Nature writers generally classify as philosopher-naturalists or as adventurer-biologists. Mr. Carr falls into the latter class; he does not take rank with Thoreau or W. H. Hudson, but rather with William Beebe, and Thomas Barbour, to whom this book is dedicated. His style is discursive; "The Windward Road" is not a book of high adventure, but of a series of events naturally incidental to Mr. Carr's roaming of the Caribbean.

As such, it is pleasant and satisfying to read, filled with bits of knowledge which the average reader, even in this special field, is not apt to have encountered before, knowledge which is adequately amplified by a glossary.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Derring-Do on the Distaff Side

NORAH BURKE knew India in the "good old days," the early part of the present century when Europeans, Indians, and Gurkhas lived together in harmony in a hill station six thousand feet up in the Himalayas, sometimes moving from one jungle camp to another—"the India of the Sahibs . . . a good place for both high and low." Norah's father was a British Forest Officer and as he and his wife and family and retinue of native servants toured his jungle district, Norah and her brothers followed a pleasant pattern of fishing, hunting, and lessons. In **"Jungle Child"** (Norton, $3.50) Norah uses a deceptively simple style to tell of the ways of the myriad animal life surrounding them. From the back perch of an elephant "tracks of deer and bear and panther and hyena might be seen, of tiger and elephant and jackal, perhaps pig or porcupine or wild dog. Sometimes we saw some of these creatures themselves—a wild elephant slushing in a mud pool, a panther dozing in the heat of the day among the speckled shadows, crocodiles on the rock slabs by the river, a flight of green parrots." To an outsider the brutal glimpses of animal struggle for survival in a jungle setting may seem harsh; Norah views them with the innocence and matter-of-fact acceptance of a young girl to whom the jungle was home. Aided by a charming sixteen-page family snapshot album, Miss Burke, now a novelist living with her children in the old Burke family home of Auberies in England, has given readers nostalgic scenes of a life gone by.

—DOROTHY MANDEL.

Norah Burke—"matter-of-fact acceptance."

—The Cape Argus.

Rehna Cloete—"beguiling talents."

REHNA CLOETE, wife of the South African writer Stuart Cloete, is another woman who has found the temptation to join the lengthening list of adventuring scriveners irresistible. "Tiny," as she is called, accompanied her husband as staff photographer on a recent trip throughout South Africa that resulted in his latest book "The African Giant." In **"The Nylon Safari"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), Mrs. Cloete views "the boys'" romps condescendingly and describes the dangers, discomforts, and excitement of a camera trip through Tanganyika from a point of view unqualifiedly feminine. Included in the safari were Bill, the White Hunter guide whose qualities Tiny learned to esteem; various types of "comfort bushes," whose comforts were available to all including friendly buffaloes; and all shapes and sizes of bugs, even some moths that tippled to the point of alcoholism. While at times Tiny's efforts to find humor in every situation become just too cute for words, she compensates for it with many fine descriptive passages. For example: "There were assorted snarls, grunts, coughs, and roars in the night. It was all very wild and theatrical—the blazing fire, the black clouds in the stormy sky, and occasionally a brilliant flash of moonlight shining between them. In the distance there was thunder, continuously rumbling like muffled drums." Mrs. Cloete displays another of her beguiling talents in the numerous clever line-drawings, especially of animals, that illustrate this somewhat different uxorial odyssey. —D. M.

KATE PELHAM NEWCOMB, M.D. appeared on one of Ralph Edwards's "This is Your Life" TV programs and inspired screen-writer Adele Comandini to write a book about her. Considering the origin of **"Doctor Kate"** (Rinehart, $3.75), it is not surprising to find that Miss Comandini has given the story the full handkerchief-to-the-eye treatment: little Katie experiences her beloved mother's death; Kate and Bill lose their first child; the home Kate and her husband built themselves burns to the ground; and finally, a triumphant chapter, "More Pennies for Dr. Kate," in which funds pour in from all over the nation to complete the long-needed Lakeland Memorial Hospital at Woodruff, Wisconsin. What is surprising is how the genuineness of this truly remarkable woman, whose life was marked by tragedy from the beginning, comes through all the sugar-coated facts. Forty years ago, Kate Pelham gave up high-society routines with her wealthy father in Boston because she wanted above all else to become a doctor. She made it, and after specializing in obstetrics and pediatrics she began an internship in the lower East Side of Manhattan. After setting up private practice in Detroit, she decided, against all advice, to marry Mechanic Bill Newcomb and when Bill became seriously ill she followed her love to the wilderness forest of Wisconsin. The reader cannot help but feel admiration and respect for Doctor Kate, who left success in the big city to live the rugged life of a country doctor in the North Woods country. —D. M.

—Andrew Pavlin.

Dr. Newcomb—"truly remarkable."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board: HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors: F. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors: AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Assistant Editor ELOISE PERRY HAZARD

Book Review Editor RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Feature Editor PETER RITNER

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK
FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

Contributing Editors
JOHN MASON BROWN
BENNETT CERF
HENRY HEWES
JOHN LEAR
JAMES THRALL SOBY
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher J. R. COMINSKY

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON

Contents Copyrighted, 1956, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Art: Giver of Life and Peace

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's "guest editorial" was written in 1905. It is drawn from the essay, "Justification of Art."*

IT IS no longer the fashion among philosophers to decry art. Either its influence seems to them too slight to excite alarm, or their systems are too lax to subject anything to censure which has the least glamour or ideality about it. Tired, perhaps, of daily resolving the conflict between science and religion, they prefer to assume silently a harmony between morals and art.

Now art, more than any other considerable pursuit, more even than speculation, is abstract and inconsequential. Born of suspended attention, it ends in itself. It encourages sensuous abstraction, and nothing concerns it less than to influence the world. Nor does it really do so in a notable degree. Social changes do not reach artistic expression until after their momentum is acquired and their other collateral effects are fully predetermined. Scarcely is a school of art established, giving expression to prevailing sentiment, when this sentiment changes and makes that style seem empty and ridiculous. The expression has little or no power to maintain the movement it registers, as a waterfall has little or no power to bring more water down. Currents may indeed cut deep channels, but they cannot feed their own springs—at least not until the whole revolution of nature is taken into account.

In the individual, also, art registers passions without stimulating them; on the contrary, in stopping to depict them it steals away their life; and whatever interest and delight it transfers to their expression it subtracts from their vital energy. This appears unmistakably in erotic and in religious art. Though the artist's avowed purpose here be to arouse a practical impulse, he fails in so far as he is an artist in truth; for he then will seek to move the given passions only through beauty, but beauty is a rival object of passion in itself. Lascivious and pious works, when beauty has touched them, cease to give out what is wilful and disquieting in their subject and become altogether intellectual and sublime. There is a high breathlessness about beauty that cancels lust and superstition. The artist, in taking the latter for his theme, renders them innocent and interesting, because he looks at them from above, composes their attitudes and surroundings harmoniously, and makes them food for the mind. Accordingly, it is only in a refined and secondary stage that active passions like to amuse themselves with their aesthetic expression. Unmitigated lustiness and raw fanaticism will snarl at pictures. Representations begin to interest when crude passions recede. Thus art, while by its subject it may betray the preoccupations among which it springs up, embodies a new and quite innocent interest.

This interest is more than innocent; it is liberal.

Art has met, on the whole, with more success than science or morals. Beauty gives men the best hint of ultimate good which their experience as yet can offer; and the most lauded geniuses have been poets, as if people felt that those seers, rather than men of action or thought, had lived ideally and known what was worth knowing. That such should be the case, if the fact be admitted, would indeed prove the rudimentary state of human civilization. The truly comprehensive life should be the statesman's, for whom perception and theory might be expressed and rewarded in action. The ideal dignity of art is therefore merely symbolic and vicarious. As some people study character in novels, and travel by reading tales of adventure, because real life is not yet so interesting to them as fiction, or because they find it cheaper to make their experiments in their dreams, so art in general is a rehearsal of rational living, and recasts in idea a world which we have no present means of recasting in reality.

WHEN we consider the present distracted state of government and religion, there is much relief in turning from them to almost any art, where what is good is altogether and finally good, and what is bad is at least not treacherous. When we consider further the senseless rivalries, the vanities, the ignominy that reign in the "practical" world, how doubly blessed it becomes to find a sphere where limitation is an excellence, where diversity is a beauty, and where every man's ambition is consistent with every other man's and even favourable to it! It is indeed so in art; for we must not import into its blameless labours the jealousies of criticism.

Critics quarrel with other critics, and that is a part of philosophy. With an artist no sane man quarrels, any more than with the colour of a child's eyes. As nature, being full of seeds, rises into all sorts of crystallizations, each having its own ideal and potential life, each a nucleus of order and a habitation for the absolute self, so art, though in a medium poorer than pregnant matter, and incapable of intrinsic life, generates a semblance of all conceivable beings.

What nature does with existence, art does with appearance; and while the achievement leaves us, unhappily, much where we were before in all our efficacious relations, it entirely renews our vision and breeds a fresh world in fancy, where all form has the same inner justification that all life has in the real world. As no insect is without its rights and every cripple has his dream of happiness, so no artistic fact, no child of imagination, is without its small birthright of beauty. In this freer element, competition does not exist and everything is Olympian. Hungry generations do not tread down the ideal but only its spokesmen or embodiments, that have cast in their lot with other material things. Art supplies constantly to contemplation what nature seldom affords in concrete experience—the union of life and peace. —GEORGE SANTAYANA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DOES CHANGE EQUAL PROGRESS?

In "The Future Belongs to the Educated Man" [*SR* Jan. 21] Harry A. Bullis seems to make *progress*—used four times in the article—synonymous with *change*. Now there is grave doubt in the minds of many thinkers as to whether human progress is not an illusion. Change, success, prosperity—these are measurable. But change may represent regression as often as progress; and success and prosperity may be curses as well as blessings. Your educated man will certainly be called upon at times to resist *change*.

Technical improvement must be measured in terms of production; but the ability to consume *things* can never be made the criterion of progress. The only conceivable progress would be of an evolutionary nature, transforming a predatory animal into something higher and finer. Set down an elegantly dressed ape in the heart of stupendously complex New York and he will be no more man than he was in his jungle. A criminal flying at supersonic speed is still a criminal. A spiritual clod warming himself at an atom-heated radiator is still a clod.

Rev. J. David Townsend.

Cohasset, Mass.

FOR PORGY

Both from what Horace Sutton wrote ["From Catfish Row to the Kremlin," *SR* Jan. 14], and from what little I have seen in the paper and other magazines, the "Porgy and Bess" company has done something during its Russian tour that I would like to help along. Can you therefore send the enclosed dollar along to Breen's Everyman Opera Company for me? It seems absurdly little, and I wish I could give more.

Mrs. Nils G. Sahlin, Jr.

Bucks County, Pa.

GUNTHER REPLIES

I have had a good many angry letters from people in Liberia about my book "Inside Africa" [see *SR* Nov. 9 for one from the Liberian Ambassador to the United States], but very few of them—if any—make any attempt to challenge or deny the basic facts about Liberia contained in my chapter. I have not yet seen any attempt to answer me in serious terms, and nobody in Liberia seems to take note of the fact that I say very clearly that conditions are gradually improving here, that they could certainly stand a great deal of improvement, and that Mr. Tubman has done more for the country than any President in its history.

John Gunther.

New York, N. Y.

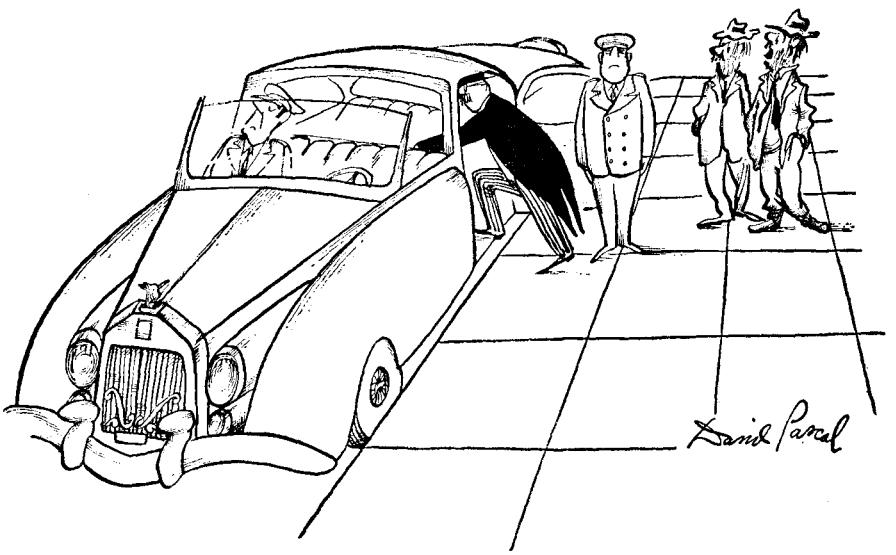
SR ON THE AIR

Harrison Smith's editorial, "The Elevation of Dostoievsky" [*SR* Jan. 4], was accurate; but he neglected to state that the information concerning the Russians' celebration of the seventy-fifth year of Dostoievsky's death was provided by the New York office of "Radio Liberation," and that his editorial with other comments for American writers will be broadcast to the Soviet satellite nations.

Gene Sosin.

Chief of the N. Y. Program.

New York, N. Y.



"We were in the same graduating class. I had a brilliant mind; he had a nagging wife."

H. L. MENCKEN

H. L. Mencken had character, which raised him above the man-herd. He is not a force in our present thinking, for his was not a profound intellect. But our intellectuals sorely need more of what was the chief feature of his character—the courage of conviction.

Paradoxically, he will come to be considered as greater scholar than critic. But on account of their gusto and command of language his memoirs and essays will take special place among those of the literary great—probably next to Hazlitt. And so too his letters, which when published will serve as models of what modern letter-writing should be.

Philip Allan Friedman.

Detroit, Mich.

NOT A BUSINESSMAN'S MAGAZINE

For those of your readers who are not primarily interested in business matters, may I offer a quotation from Kenneth Rexroth's introduction to Henry Miller's "Nights of Love and Laughter." "Fifty per cent of the people in this country don't vote. They simply don't want to be implicated in organized society. With, in most cases, a kind of animal instinct, they know that they cannot really do anything about it, that the participation offered them is a hoax."

This is also true of business matters. No matter what I, as an individual, may think, or do; no matter what I may earn, or spend; the commercial affairs of this nation are entirely unamenable to my personal control. If I wish to be informed on business, I will read a businessman's magazine such as *United States News and World Report. Not SR!*

Richard J. Copley.

Redding, Calif.

NO FURTHER HONORS

To John Steinbeck's "Why Not a World Peerage?" [*SR* Dec 10] I would vote no. Nobility is its own reward and a title conferred by the United Nations could serve only to embarrass the truly noble. Men of achievement and humility such as Einstein and Salk have won their places in the hearts of thinking people everywhere. Further honors conferred by the highest type of organization—political, academic, or otherwise—would add little to their stature.

Harry Wiles.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MAIN STREET DILEMMA

N.C.'s insight into the problem of today's young women [*SR* Dec. 17] is both unusual and refreshing.

The problem that he discussed is related to another problem facing the college graduate turned housewife and mother. The young mother cannot continue her studies or find an intellectually stimulating job if she is to provide the home and love that her children need. Yet she must not become intellectually stagnant or generally disinterested if the atmosphere in which her children are growing and developing is to be a creative and dynamic atmosphere.

Jacqueline Seemann.

Ithaca, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Should be seen! A beautiful color film!" —N.Y. Times
GOLDEN DEMON
GUILD 50th
33 W. 50th at Rock. Pl.
PL. 7-2406-7
IN EASTMAN COLOR

"One of the year's ten best"— N.Y. Times
A NEW and GREATER
GUINNESS
in "THE PRISONER"
PLAZA 58 St. Nr. Madison
Extra Geo. K. Arthur's "On the Twelfth Day"

WALT DISNEY'S
FANTASIA
with STOKOWSKI TECHNICOLOR
TRANS-LUX Normandie 57th St. West of 6th Ave. JU 6-4448
For your greater enjoyment see "Fantasia" from the beginning!
Feature at: 12:05, 2:10, 4:15, 6:25, 8:30, 10:40.

"A summer vacation beyond compare . . . the greatest experience of your life."
MARC CHADOURNE
(Grand Prix de Littérature of the French Academy) takes a small select group to the wonders of the
ANCIENT WORLD:
Cairo, Memphis, Sakkara, Luxor, Karnak, Thebes; Beirut, Tyre, Sidon, Baalbek, Damascus, Amman; Jerusalem, Nazareth, Haifa, Tiberias, Tel Aviv; Athens, Daphni, Eleusis, Delphi, Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Argos, Tyrins; a cruise to the Aegean islands of Melos, Santorin, Crete, Rhodes, Delos, Mykonos; Rome, the Provence, Paris.
June 12-August 17, 1956.... $1,475
or July 1-29, 1956 (by plane) $1,575
Full description of this and 30 to 40 similarly fabulous summer tours—$825 to $1,375—from:
STUDY ABROAD, Inc.
250 W. 57, New York-JU 6-3608

BEST SELLER
Gleason's magic touch in a new album of rich mood music.
Capitol

Music & Art Tour
Europe's Festivals, Sights,
4th year, 47 days, $990 up.
Send for Brochure. Reserve Now.
LESLIE P. SPELMAN
U. of R. Redlands, Calif.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Down on the Farm

THE CURRENT revival of "Uncle Vanya" on the small sandwich stage of the Fourth Street Theatre may be the merriest version of this Chekhov play on record. The title role is played by the continental George Voskovec, who cuts a low comic figure as he mimics the professor on whose behalf he has wasted twenty-five years of hard work and deprivation. His Uncle Vanya is not philosophical or refined. Rather, he is a provincial middle-class fool, and his professed love for the old professor's pretty young wife Elena appears completely absurd and hopeless of gratification. Dr. Astrov, on the other hand, is enlarged beyond the pettiness of country life by the exercise of his profession and by his obsession with planting trees. As played by low-voiced Franchot Tone, he enjoys his affair with Elena realistically, and when it is abruptly terminated short of consummation he has the strength to accept the check philosophically. Neither his love affair nor his one-man campaign against deforestation will succeed, but in this life the trying, the work, is its own reward. While Mr. Tone is less than fully convincing as a lover of trees, as a lover of women he is in top form. He brings the theatre alive when he breaks into a youthful dance in which he seems to be saying, "I know it's absurd for an older man to behave like a young one (or for me to be acting off-Broadway after all these years), but at least it makes me feel alive." What a delightful man-of-the-world air he brings to the first love scene. His "I give up—here, eat me!" tells us at once that this Astrov deplores romantic time-wasting. And when he is caught in an embrace with Elena, Mr. Tone shows us that Astrov feels no sentimental guilt about a natural if immoral act. In the last act, when he says "Finata!" and hands the departing Elena a Freudian remembrance, he triumphs in irony. For him Elena is a birch he might have planted, but one he would hardly have tied himself to.

Elena, as portrayed by the distinguished Swedish star, Signe Hasso, drops a pinch of Hedda Gabler into her characterization, and indeed there are circumstantial similarities between the two roles. Both are extremely pretty wives wasted on unromantic husbands. Both are unwilling to take the responsibility of illicit love with the men they admire. And both are angels of destruction. Yet Elena is nowhere near so violent or so troubled, for she is as shallow as the professor she has married. Miss Hasso catches this latter quality with convincing restraint and grace.

In contrast to Elena is the professor's daughter by his first wife, a homely but sensitive and sensible young girl who is also in love with Dr. Astrov. The shyness of this type of girl is shown mostly by inhibitedness, which Peggy McCay—playing the part—finds it hard to make exciting. But on two occasions Miss McCay does break loose a bit to give us those magic Chekhovian moments when all of life seems suddenly to be present onstage. The first occurs when, after she has consented to allow Elena to ask Astrov whether he returns her love—so that it can be yes or no—she suddenly reflects that maybe uncertainty would be better. The other comes in her final speech to Uncle Vanya, as the two resign themselves to a lonely and unexciting future on the farm which in its usefulness and non-parasitic nature may make them more really alive than the folks who have returned to the city. Chekhov showed us our frailties but he also celebrated them.

Clarence Derwent plays the vain professor with delightful obliviousness to the emotional distress around him, and the moment when he searches his vest for the bullets Uncle Vanya has shot at him is a hilarious highlighting of the situation. Stark Young's vital translation seems the most felicitous of the three he has done for this theatre. And David Ross continues to add directorial emphases to particular scenes which counteract the traditional lack of plot-suspense in Chekhov. There is still something to be desired in depth of characterization, but this "Uncle Vanya" is a positive and—dare we say it—*entertaining* theatre piece. —HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Hollywood's "Picnic"

WHILE Columbia's "Picnic"—adapted from the William Inge play—sprawls a little too loosely over the lavishly colored CinemaScope screen, it is in many ways a notable movie, one that casts credit on practically everyone associated with it. These include Joshua Logan, who here directs his first movie in some eighteen years; Daniel Taradash, whose script translates the play into movie terms without too much structural damage; and James Wong Howe, whose camera work is, quite literally, beautiful to behold. It is, in fact, the very looseness of the movie's texture that allows room for a stunningly conceived and executed sequence that, for twenty minutes or so, puts one in the presence of important movie making. The sequence, in fine detail, shows a Midwestern picnic; so sharp-eyed is the camera here that one has the sense of a festival ritual, complete with peculiar customs, characteristic flavor, and ripe atmosphere. This marks the high point of the movie. It has, ironically, very little to do with the story.

Nevertheless, the story has a good many interesting moments; there are a number of solid acting jobs—with old pros like William Holden and Rosalind Russell aided and abetted by younger people like Susan Strasberg, Kim Novak, and Cliff Robertson. The best-rounded performance of all is turned in by Arthur O'Connell, who caused some comment in the stage version, and was fortunately retained for the movie.

Yet, if one looks closely at the material of the story, there isn't a great deal that is strikingly original. Mr. Inge (and Mr. Taradash, in turn) avoided some of the more obvious stereotypes of a small Kansas town, but the group he collected together has a familiar look to it. I had the impression I'd run into them all before, and not so much in real life, as in previous plays, books, and movies. The characters, in other words, are a little stock, and while they don't work out their destinies exactly as you'd expect them to, they don't surprise you very much either.

The story is centered around a Labor Day picnic, and the people who attend this classic holiday event include an old maidish schoolteacher who, as the saying goes, still has a lot of life left in her; a rich grain merchant's son who has his eye set firmly and democratically on the prettiest girl in town (she doesn't exactly live on the wrong side of the tracks, but she's not on the right side, either); the two sisters, one as luscious as Kim Novak (she is enacted by Kim Novak), and the other as bright and cute as Susan Strasberg (played, of course, by Susan Strasberg); a middle-aged bachelor fighting a desperate but losing battle against the marital intentions of the schoolteacher; and, as a sort of catalytic agent, the good-looking muscular stranger, vaguely seedy in appearance and manner, who hops into town from a freight-train just in time to go to the picnic and cause trouble.

William Holden's performance as this sympathetically no-account stranger is certainly capable enough, but, strangely enough, his looks are against him. I suppose it's rather cruel to say this about an actor, but facts must be faced. Mr. Holden no longer looks like a man in his twenties. He looks very definitely like a man in his thirties. Put him in blue jeans, boots, and crew-cut his hair, and he looks a little too seedy for comfort. He is, indeed, supposed to represent a young man who has consistently failed to measure up to his responsibilities, but you are also supposed to see in him some hope that he will manage to get hold of himself.

If the casting of Mr. Holden amounts to a flaw, it's at least balanced by his ability to give the role some reality. And, if the characters are somewhat stock, none of them is played that way. Thus it all comes out fresher than one might have thought it would, and is at its most spirited when the story is put aside and everyone goes off to the picnic to have a good time.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Eye-filling Motes Blown Abroad by a Rather Large Wind During a Public Speech

By Max Tadlock

HE IS *very unique*, yes the most only one;
(This *consensus* is one of *opinion*);
He is *different than* in addition to *from*,
And he dares to put *these* with *criterion*.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

WILLIAM HOLDEN
in
PICNIC
with
KIM NOVAK
BETTY FIELD
SUSAN STRASBERG
CLIFF ROBERTSON
and co-starring
ROSALIND RUSSELL
as Rosemary
Produced by FRED KOHLMAR
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
A Columbia Picture
in CinemaScope and Technicolor

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"SOUTHERN MEDLEY"
Produced by Russell Markert, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

"ENCHANTING MUSIC"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES
"HANDSOME AND TUNEFUL"
—CHAPMAN, NEWS
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
NEW MUSICAL SMASH HIT
PIPE DREAM
SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

MR. BENNY GOODMAN
BEST SELLER
Specially recorded! Selections from the B. G. film.
Capitol

AN EXHIBITION
murals
and paintings
PETER COHEN
ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE
115 E. 40th St. Feb. 23—Mar. 3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

Method or Madness?

THE METHOD is a certain "scientific" technique of acting learned, exercised, and applied by a serious minority of the actors who ply their craft on stage and TV at the eastern nexus of the coaxial cable (those in Hollywood are merely New York emigres). This is not to infer that non-Method actors are flippant about their trade. They will match their souls as well as their enterprise against the opposition any day. It is, rather, that the Method people, like all doctrinaires, are possessed of that dedicated fervor and sobriety which characterizes not seekers but possessors of truth.

The messiah of the Method is Stanislavsky, of course, the legendary producer-actor of the original Moscow Art Theatre: but he, as is usual with messiahs, was anticipated by earlier prophets, particularly Diderot, the French philosopher-dramatist of the eighteenth century, who held that actors should give only "recollections of their own emotions." Closer to our own time, the famous Group Theatre of the Thirties cultivated the Method. Today Marlon Brando is the most popular (and probably the richest) disciple; James Dean, the gifted young star whom death untimely claimed, was another Method actor. Kim Stanley is a distaff disciple; so are Julie Harris and Eve-Marie Saint. Elia Kazan, the director, employs Method.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are, perhaps, the best examples of non-Method actors. Margaret Webster, I suppose, is another non-Method artist. Shakespeare, one may assume, would take a stand against the Method. Witness Hamlet's famous speech to the Players, in which he cautions them, "to use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." Method actors are notorious for want of temperance. In their zeal to summon up the most sincere and naturalistic performances they are prone to extremes. Many an anecdote is swapped backstage in TV (by non-Method actors, naturally) recalling some of these extremes.

There is the story of the young socialite actress, faithful neophyte of a Method-master, who would stand, sobbing in the wings before an entrance, to "get in the mood." To the despair of her fellow-actors, by the time she got on stage she would be unable to stem the tide of tears, which, in floods, would wash away lines, cues, and all. In another play a Method-actor, playing the role of a bum, would methodically scavenge the odoriferous depths of garbage-cans in the theatre-alley before curtain-time to the admiring onstage chagrin of his suffering colleagues. To play a wrestling or a rape scene with a Method actor . . . well, one never knows. Method-men are known to run around the studio for an hour before cue, or punch bags in cellars, to tone up their muscular activity before an entrance, so they will be "charged" and "full," "loaded," "ready." Non-Method actors can also get "loaded" about such occupational hazards. One veteran TV director tells about a show in which a celebrated Method actor was the star. The director, making his last-minute checks before air-time, noticed the ingenue (non-Method) darkly brooding in a corner of a set. "What's the matter," the director asked the actress. "It's him," the ingenue muttered, "if he doesn't give me the cues the way we rehearsed them, I'll kill him!"

Unpredictability is a mark of the Method-players. The essence of Method is to summon up, to recall imaginatively, from their own experiences in real life, the emotions actors are called upon to imitate. Since this kind of psychic recall can never be the same twice, the intensity of the Method-actor's emotion-of-the-moment is spectacularly variable. If his unconscious happens to be sluggish he will read a line softly. If the Id illuminates with a blinding flash, the line may strike like lightning. Life with a Method-actor is nerve-wracking, to say the least—especially in television, where, at the very best, any performance on the air is merely a dress-rehearsal. A Method-actor, adrift on an elusive association, balanced precariously on a fragile, precise pattern of cameras, cues, and cables, is like a cobalt bomb on a pneumatic-drill—one sigh removed from apocalypse. Heaven and earth did split for one TV director, not so long ago, when a leading Method-actress lost herself so completely in her recall on the air that she unknowingly put back a full minute's dialogue which had been cut just before air-time.

Despite its many absurdities, however, there are good things to be said about the Method. Its practitioners have a thinking approach to their art. Though their teachers may ask Method-students to exercise by barking like puppy dogs locked in closets (to unlimber the imagination), they also teach them profitably to probe into the fore and aft of their brief appearances in the script. Motivation, understanding, meaning—these are good watchwords for any actors. Good non-Method actors, of course, value these, too. They just don't make such a to-do of it; they approach their work more intellectually. Method people cultivate instinct, they enshrine the subjective. They often enrage playwrights who bitterly complain that Method-actors destroy the form and rhythm of their plays, and substitute their own "remembered intellectual states" in place of those the author has given his characters.

SOME frankly sneer at the Method as a cult, a fad, an eccentricity, a crutch for bad acting, an attempt to draw attention, to be different, and consequently they label it a strictly cash technique. Other directors encourage the Method, and enjoy working with Method actors as long as they can control them. They are very willing workers, they will listen, and their performances, while generally slower, are invariably evocative of dimension and subtlety. The Method may be good for a laugh, but it is also a good leaven to have around—inside the lump of conformity. We are truly lost if we lose our eccentrics, our rebels, our capacity to probe and to protest. In art—as in life—there will always be men with a "method." More power to them. And, finally, here are two classic Method-jests. Stanislavsky the Great was once interviewed by an American Method-actor on a pilgrimage to Moscow. "Who is the greatest actor in the world?" the American asked. "Gary Cooper," the master replied. The disciple was astonished. "Gary Cooper," he exclaimed. "But he doesn't use the Method!" "Ah, but he doesn't need to," Stanislavsky said.

A TV director asked a Method-actress to walk across the room on a certain line and sit down on a chair. "But why?" the Method-actress asked. "Give me a reason. What is my motive?" The director smiled. "I'll give you a reason," he said. "Your salary."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Beecham's Mozart, Barber's "Medea," Peters's "Lucia"

IN A typically crowded mid-winter week of musical activity, Sir Thomas Beecham's Mozart program with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall was something to remember not for a semaine, but for a season. This superb group has not often seemed as happy in its music-making as it was in the course of an evening that began with the early D major (K.131) Divertimento and ended with the C major ("Jupiter") Symphony, with the D major "Haffner" Symphony (No. 35) and the incidental music to the "King of Thamos" between.

Utilizing a relatively large orchestra (eight basses), Beecham achieved a sound vigorously alive, full of spring and resonance, with no suggestion of the effete quality sometimes associated with this master. Oddly enough, these positive results were achieved in the face of difficulties that might have discouraged one less in love with his calling than Beecham. It is not exactly a secret that Sir Thomas had an operation on each foot last summer which still restricts his locomotion. Once on the podium, however, he operates not only with all vivacity and verve, but also with a new economy of gesture, a precision of movement that clarifies his intentions *vis a vis* the players.

This was a program that ranged through a considerable gamut of time and styles, but arching over it all was Beecham's profound feeling for the composer's vocabulary, his perception of the explicit in the written, his intuition of the intended in the unwritten. Working together, to the advantage of the listener, was a warm sense of the "evening" plus a long accumulation of experience which gave continuity even to a slow movement in the "Jupiter" drawn out to perilous lengths.

As the last work of the evening, Mozart's final symphony naturally tended to have the longest, most lingering effect in the listening ear. But the effect was also related to the circumstance that, for once, it seemed not only the last but also the greatest of the sequence. Too often (even in a Beecham performance not so long ago with the Royal Philharmonic) the opening is sluggish, the C major tonality, when long sustained, a little bland. But Beecham instituted a momentum that was maintained throughout, with the so-called lengths of the slow movement a proper point of rest. I was especially interested in the rugged emphasis on the low strings in the trio of the minuet, as a kind of generative point for the fugal finale.

For some conductors the famous "Philadelphia sound" is a ready access to audience approval, but Beecham clearly remade it in his own image, utilizing the individual capacities for a blend recognizably his own. Detail rather than mass, line rather than blur composed the elements by which Beecham rendered Mozart his due. In bestowing solo bows on such worthy virtuosi as William Kincaid (flute), Mason Jones and Leonard Hale (horns), John de Lancie (oboe), and concertmaster Jacob Krachmalnik Beecham paid a merited tribute while taking a moment of respite on a conveniently placed chair. The audience did not stint approval of the players, but was also enthusiastic in its approval of the doughty gentleman in charge.

SAMUEL Barber's expanding catalogue of durable orchestral works was expanded further with the first performance anywhere by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Dimitri Mitropoulos's direction of "Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance," derived from a work written several years ago for performance by Martha Graham. As synthesized and completely rewritten, the new work has a certain kinship with the famous Strauss "Dance of the Seven Veils" from "Salome," in the sense that it begins quietly and attains a bruising conclusion. However, the artifices here are Barber's own, and remarkably well manipulated to achieve his purpose. Mitropoulos had, in it, just the kind of score to absorb all his faculties.

Also new, in the same period, was a memorable premiere by Leonard Bernstein and the Symphony of the Air of "Fourteen Variations" by Robert Moevs (pronounced Mehvs), a Wisconsin-born, Harvard-trained Prix de Rome winner now teaching at Harvard. Thanks in part to Bernstein's superb projection of the values the work contained, the thirty-five-year-old Moevs impressed one as a composer with an uncommon feeling for orchestral sonorities. No more seems in order at this time, but his future efforts will be watched with interest.

Roberta Peters's first Lucia was a distinct step forward for this diligent as well as talented singer. Till now, even as Rosina in the "Barber" and Gilda in "Rigoletto," Miss Peters has had the roles in which her associates are co-equals or of greater stature in sustaining audience interest. "Lucia," however, is an opera in which the listener's pleasure, at the end, relates largely to what kind of a Lucia he has heard. From the evidence of this first star effort, audiences to come will be hearing much fluent, well-controlled vocal work, projected with much more than common musicality by a girl who looks the youthful bride who marries and murders and mourns the wrong man.

MISS Peter's ability to skip lightly about the vocal range is, of course, an established fact: the happy disclosure of this endeavor was that lyric breath has not been stinted for mere flexibility. It was a pleasure to hear the duets and ensembles with Edgardo (Jan Peerce, who had more than a modest part in advancing the Peters career a dozen years ago, when she was all of thirteen) sung with such strength and line. The first in the chain of elaborate vocal episodes ("Regnava nel silenzio") was particularly well managed, with ring and clarity, also precision.

For the while, however, Miss Peters hasn't quite the stature to command the stage in the "Mad Scene" as a fine Lucia must. The musical matter was projected with suavity and charm (save for a habit of rolling some turns in the F-G area with a pebble-in-the-mouth sound) but the

---

Grass

By John Holmes

MOUTH down in the timothy,
Belly flat, knees dug
Into the dark earth,
Tastes more birth than death.
World green and wet,
Not with tears, rides up.
All grass pushes up
Under no one, no I.
Here for the lying on is
Green grown wild and always.

Give up to the grass.
It forgives you wholly.
Where your father drowned,
After all the men
Before him, and women,
You not last in that line,
Flung and gone down
To the grassy underlands,
You wash in that green,
That grass in your hands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramatic detail, though admirable in its simplicity, is not yet convincing. For a first effort it all went well; it is now Miss Peter's problem to consolidate her vocal gains with a minute development of a dramatic scheme to make this a characterization as well as an exhibition of vocal skill. Her costuming was both becoming and tasteful.

There were, of course, others involved besides Miss Peters and her faithful Edgardo; but the level was mostly routine. Fausto Cleva was the energetic though not propulsive conductor, with Nicola Moscona, Thomas Hayward, Thelma Votipka, Frank Valentino, etc. doing if not what comes naturally, at least from force of habit.

The TV "Festival of Music" which presented a Hurok dozen (fourteen) noted artists from M. Anderson to L. Warren was, of itself, a rich and surfeiting banquet, somewhat like the Thanksgiving dole provided to the indigent. The question remains, however, what happens on the other 364 days of the year? A good beginning has it points, but unless television can integrate this level of musical effort into its week-by-week scheduling, the net effect is not to show how bountiful this offering was, but, rather, how starved the medium is otherwise.

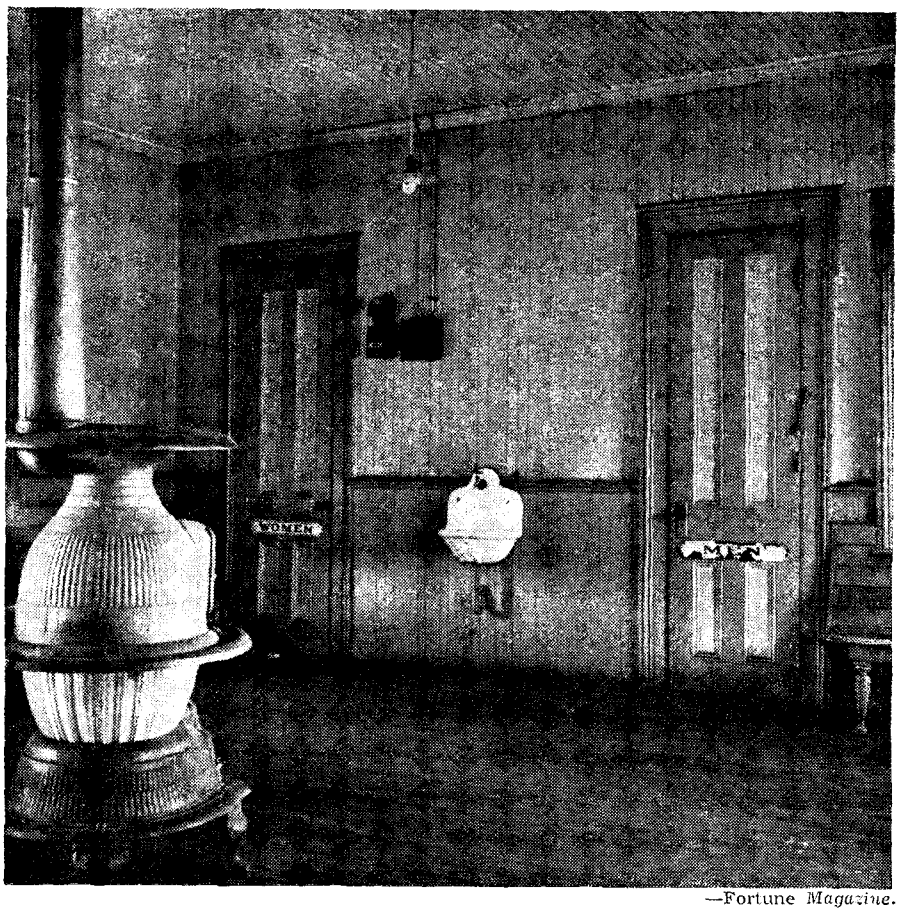
Like most banquets, which are contrived for show rather than for nourishment, this one was composed of too many courses, over-rich in their ingredients, with too many chefs in various areas of the kitchen. By some miracle—or mere protocol—it turned out that the *pièce de résistance* actually came at the end when Artur Rubinstein sat down resolutely at the piano (grand) and gave a performance (even more grand) of the Chopin A flat Polonaise. Not even the bumbling commentaries of Charles Laughton, before and after, could detract from the direct simplicity of a first-rate artist plying his trade in a first-rate way.

Otherwise, the ingredients were all entitled to a *Good Housekeeping* seal—Leonard Warren and Jan Peerce in "Pagliacci" excerpts, Isaac Stern vigorously bowing Mendelssohn, Roberta Peters clipping off the coupons of the "Doll" scene from "Tales of Hoffmann," Gregor Piatigorsky (in superb celloistic form) playing Weber, Marian Anderson giving utterance to three spirituals in her most devoted way, another "Hoffmann" excerpt (the "Barcarolle") sung by Blanche Thebom and Mildred Miller, Risë Stevens in the "Card Scene" from "Carmen," etc. The etc., incidentally, was nothing less than Renata Tebaldi and Jussi Bjoerling doing most of the second half of the first act of "Bohème."

—Irving Kolodin.

THE FINE ARTS

Walker Evans



—Fortune *Magazine.*

Walker Evans's "Dover Plains Station" (1953)—"The image is unmistakably Evans."

IN 1933, eager to learn more about the technique of photography and discouraged by the curricula of the commercial schools, I asked Lincoln Kirstein to suggest a professional photographer who might be willing to give me a few lessons or at least let me watch him work. "That would be Walker Evans," Kirstein replied. Kirstein had published some of Evans's photographs in his brilliant magazine, *Hound and Horn,* and I had admired their uncanny precision and directness combined with their acute sense of mood. I was delighted with Kirstein's choice. The question remained whether Evans would agree to taking on, even briefly, an apprentice of low amateur status. Like all fine photographers, Evans would know that the one vital factor in his craft —creative seeing with a camera—could not and cannot ever be taught.

In the end Evans said he would work with me for a few days, and there began a tutelage for which I am grateful but which for him must have been a harrowing experience. Like nearly all American amateurs in photography, I was fascinated by the elaborate gadgetry of the photographic trade, from cameras and lenses to all the appurtenances of the darkroom, especially enlargers. Evans arrived with a battered view camera, equipped with an old and extremely slow lens, and a simple glass negative holder with which he made contact prints by the light of a mazda bulb. My darkroom was cluttered with chemicals, heaters, blowers, and innumerable other devices calculated to intimidate the muses of the photographic art. Evans insisted on the utmost cleanliness in the darkroom (my habit of smoking there must have made him shudder), and he moved everything into a corner except the necessary trays and *one* bottle of developer and *one* bottle of hypo solution. Then he went to work on some negatives he had made that afternoon. They were all perfectly exposed except a few on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

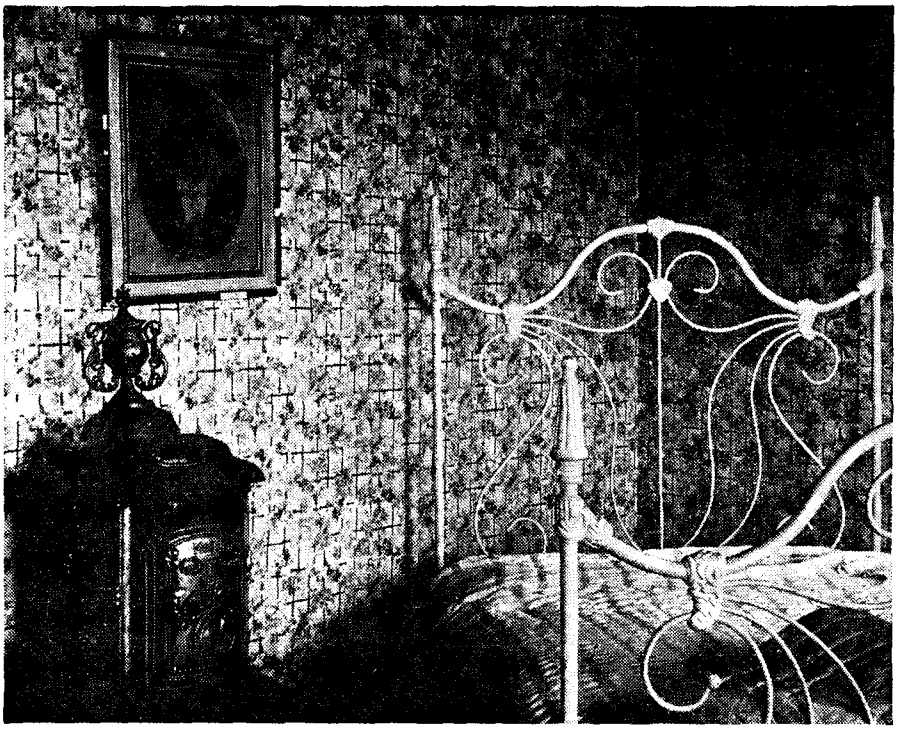
which he had tried an exposure meter at my eager urging.

By the end of the day, watching the prints emerge from the trays, I was certain of two things: that I was not a photographer; and that Walker Evans was a great one.

The most exciting experience of my brief apprenticeship was seeing what subjects would catch Evans's attention. We rode through the small towns of Connecticut in a car and suddenly Evans would signal me to stop. I learned early that Colonial architecture, however fine, was of little interest to him. He liked Victorian gate houses, workers' battered dwellings, the peeling surfaces of old signboards; he liked texture more than proportion, the haunting disorder of dumps and slums more than grandeur in any but its most fantastic aspects. He liked the sidewalks in down-at-the-heel sections of a town and the rooms and possessions of those whose continued existence was an almost daily miracle (see illustration).

Now I come to the more important matter of Evans's ability to intensify through skilful elisions and stresses the character of the scenes before him. He never cropped his negatives or prints; he never played technical tricks of any kind. But his initial grasp of what he wanted to show was amazingly certain and personal. It seemed deadpan in spirit; it was on the contrary warm and respectful. Since Evans then preferred to work with large view cameras on a tripod, he confined himself to relatively motionless subjects. But that same year, 1933, he saw Cartier-Bresson's show of Leica snapshots at Julien Levy's gallery in New York, and said that for the first time he could understand the immense potentialities of the hand camera used at split-second speed. There followed a number of Evans's own Leica photographs of people on the streets and, most especially, a superb series of snapshot portraits of people riding in the subway.

I was reminded of all this recently when looking at Evans's group of photographs in Captain Edward Steichen's exhibition of works by Evans, Paul Strand, Manuel Alvarez Bravo, and August Sanders, on display at the Museum of Modern Art through March 18. Many of Evans's prints were already familiar to me, having been published in the Museum's 1938 monograph, "American Photographs," with admirable text by Lincoln Kirstein, or in that remarkable book, Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" 1941), written by James Agee, with unentitled photographs by Evans. (In 1933 Evans also did photographs for Carleton Beals's "The Crime of Cuba.") But I had not seen Evans's more recent works, some of them also included in the current show. They are mostly from portfolios published in *Fortune* during the past ten years. For some reason I had never looked them up, and I'd like to retract the statement made here several months ago, that Evans had apparently abandoned photography at the height of his career.



Evans's "Interior" (1931)—"*one* bottle of developer and *one* bottle of hypo."

This is obviously not true, and in the best of the *Fortune* portfolios Evans has worked with the same impetus and conviction as before; the edge of his commentary still cuts clean and deep; his poetry (and the word is not too strong) has not lost its melancholy, piercing ability to make unadorned reality suggest evocative metaphor. His basic vision remains unchanged and unweakened. And the parallels with his earlier work are apparent. If, for example, we compare his *Fortune* series on low-priced hardware (July 1955) with his photographs of African sculpture, commissioned by the Museum of Modern Art in 1935, we find the same honesty and sharp control of form. (In 1952 most of the African-sculpture photographs were printed in the Bollingen Foundation's "African Folktales and Sculpture"; they were printed with the most inadequate credit line to a photographer that I can remember.) Or if we compare Evans's "The U.S. Depot" (*Fortune,* February 1953) with his earliest architectural scenes, we see in operation the same wry vigor of selection.

I must explain, however, that in discussing Evans's recent imagery, I mean to refer only to the photographs in black and white. Lately he has done a considerable amount of work in color for *Fortune,* and these photographs seem to me inferior. I don't know why it is that color photography always tends to look picturesque, even when produced by a strong talent like Evans's. Perhaps Evans himself is aware of the fact, since he has included no color prints in his present show, selected by himself. At any rate, to see what I mean you have only to compare facing pages in the *Fortune* portfolio on railway depots. On one page there is a marvelous black-and-white photograph of the end of a waiting room, with huge stove and the doors to the washrooms and wide areas of soiled flooring and walls (see illustration). The image is unmistakably Evans's. On the opposite page are two color photographs of small railway stations. They lack their author's personality, indeed might have been taken by any one of a number of competent professionals.

LET us hope that Evans will turn his back on color, at least until the process has progressed beyond its present hand-tinted banality. Whether he does so or not, Evans has achieved such impressive work in black and white that he is to my mind one of the half dozen contemporaries whose work refutes the theory that photography is a "popular" art, practicable by all who have the time, inclination and means.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

announces

a four-book series of literature anthologies

Grades 9 through 12

This anthology series provides a rich developmental program leading toward personal self-realization and to enjoyment of good literature.

OUR READING HERITAGE

EDITED BY

WAGENHEIM, BRATTIG,
DOLKEY, and KOBLER

Exploring Life (Grade 9)
Ourselves and Others (Grade 10)
This Is America (Grade 11)
England and the World (Grade 12)

To the teachers of English they offer a tool which provides selections of quality and of varying difficulty to meet the wide range of reading ability in every class. To the students they offer a new world of experiences through which to see themselves and others with growing understanding.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

NEW YORK ATLANTA CHICAGO DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELECTRONICS AGE IN THE CLASSROOM

THIS week SR *takes its annual quizzical look at the tools that are currently being used in American schoolrooms.*

- *Cecile Starr reports on the year's outstanding educational films (page 37).*
- *President Richard D. Weigle of St. John's College discusses the use of travel as a teaching tool (page 43).*
- *Professor David H. Russell of the University of California presents illuminating facts about the teaching of reading (page 36).*

IN A neat, well-lighted schoolroom in Minneapolis one evening last month six of the city's public schoolteachers gathered to discuss one of the most important and far-reaching questions of modern education. Their reason for doing so: for some years now professional educators and educational equipment manufacturers have been singing the praises of a host of teaching tools, which are known to the teachers as audio-visual aids and which range from textbooks to television to tape recorders. But, asked the education editor of *The Minneapolis Tribune* of the assembled teachers in Minneapolis, just how useful have these tools for teaching actually proved to be in practice?

As a group the Minneapolis teachers were well-prepared to answer the question, representing as they did a combined total of 130 years of practical classroom experience. So were more than a score of other teachers at similar meetings in Chicago, in Cleveland, in Denver, and in Portland, Oregon, all of whom were also questioned for *The Saturday Review* by the education editors of their own city newspapers (see page 32). The teachers agreed that the audio-visual tools

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were indeed useful and that for the most part they seemed to live up to the claims made for them by the manufacturers and by the professional educators. But, said the teachers, there were a few criticisms which they themselves would like to offer. Constructive criticisms, of course. But still criticisms. And so, in the interest of improving education throughout the country, *The Saturday Review* herewith presents for the first time a summary of advantages—and disadvantages—of each of the chief types of modern teaching tools, exactly as these were expressed by the teachers who use the tools in their own classrooms.

The teachers have struggled valiantly to master the operation of all the machines with which their classrooms have become crowded, and few, if any, have been unsuccessful. As a result they have praise for the projectors of all types, including both the opaque and the over-the-shoulder varieties; for flip charts and strip charts, for shadow boxes, and the dozens of other tools which nowadays are a part of the average classroom.

In the schoolroom the tape-recorder has infinite possibilities for pupils—and for the teacher.

BUT of all the new tools for teaching, agree many of the teachers who were questioned, none is more important or more fascinating to use than is the tape recorder. Like its commercial counterpart, the tape recorder is a machine on which students and teachers alike can record their own voices or the voices of others, then add or erase as they choose. In the schoolroom such a machine has infinite possibilities:

In Chicago, a seventh-grade teacher named Helen Thomas records her pupils' voices on tape in order to improve their singing. The tape is then played back for classroom criticism. Then, after the pupil has polished up the rough spots in his singing, his voice is re-recorded and his fellow students judge his improvement against his first recording.

In Minneapolis, Mrs. Marguerite Olson, a high school teacher of Spanish, said that the tape recorder provides the only manner in which her students can hear their own pronunciations in Spanish and thereby correct themselves.

In Minneapolis, Leon Haaland, a fifth- and sixth-grade teacher, uses prepared tapes which he orders from the University of Minnesota library of educational tapes. Said Haaland: "The tapes bring historical episodes right into the classroom. We just finished the Boston Tea Party, and you could hear everything right down to the tea being dropped into the water."

Many of the teachers in the five cities use their tape recorders to record their pupils' public speeches (and thereby to correct their mistakes), to bring otherwise unobtainable radio programs into the classroom, to dictate to shorthand classes at differentiated rates of speed, and to record their pupils' voices in order to prove to the pupils' parents that their children have indeed improved their abilities to read or to speak. One teacher even reports using specially prepared tapes which teach a teacher how to teach.

But, say the teachers, the tapes do have their disadvantages. Says Cleveland history teacher Clyde F. Varner: "Tapes are good, but they can be overused. They can be time wasters if the teacher is unskilled or indifferent, if he is trying to help himself, not the students." Says Cleveland English teacher Lowell Watson, who is aware of other audio-visual tools, too: "Sound alone suffers in comparison with the appeal of television and sound movies. Today's students . . . thirst for sight impressions." At least one teacher, Jean Severeide, of Portland, believes the tape recorder is more valuable as a public relations tool than as a teaching tool. Another criticism of the tape recorders: the machines are so costly that, in order to cut down expense, each recorder is used so frequently that the machines have to be constantly repaired. But most important of all the criticisms which the teachers reported was their trouble in getting enough tapes and in scheduling those which they do obtain to fit in with their classwork. Said Miss Jane Cochran, of the Minneapolis schools, speaking for a great many teachers: "If the tape doesn't happen to be at your school, how are you going to know today that you'll need such-and-such a tape two weeks from next Tuesday?"

It may make a difference in a child's art lessons if a teacher plays modern jazz in the background.

YET most of the teachers were enthusiastic in their use of tape recorders; and so were they in their use of phonograph records for the classroom:

In Cleveland, history teacher Varner said: "When we study the Civil War, I like to play 'Dixie' and 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic'. The music gives the students an insight they never could get from my best lecture." And said another Cleveland teacher: "On records we have the great poets reading their works and the great artists interpreting their works. What could be better?"

That the teachers as a whole agree with the Cleveland teachers was evident. They had even dreamed up some highly individual uses for their phonograph records:

In Chicago, fifth-grade art teacher Kenneth Kobukata, a lover of music as well as of art, combines these two interests in teaching his classes. While Kobukata's students paint, Kobukata plays recorded symphonies in the background. Says Kobukata: "It makes the students more relaxed, and they keep quiet in order to hear the music. . . . I've played records like 'The Grand Canyon Suite' and asked them to paint what it suggested. They came up with some interesting ab-

THE education writers who interviewed the teachers of five cities for the article on these pages are:

RUTH DUNBAR, *The Chicago Sun-Times*
RICHARD P. KLEEMAN, *The Minneapolis Tribune*
LAWRENCE MARTIN, *The Denver Post*
WILMA MORRISON, *The (Portland) Oregonian*
NOEL WICAL, *The Cleveland Press*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struct patterns. Some day I want to see what difference it will make in their painting if I play Bach or modern jazz in the background."

In her French classes at Chicago's Von Steuben High School, Mrs. Josephine Lenters uses a series of language records once or twice a week so that her students will hear native, not Americanized French. Says Mrs. Lenters: "We Americans can kid ourselves, but we never pronounce French very well. On the records the accent is correct and the speech is careful and slow."

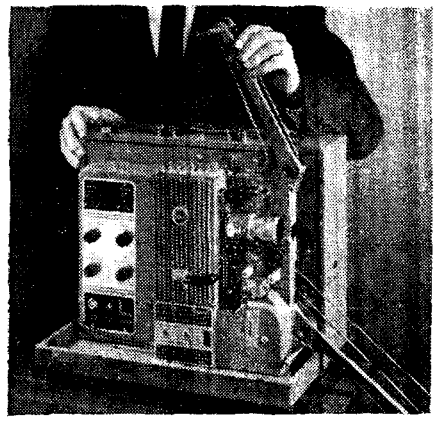
The teachers have learned to use the records for younger as well as older pupils. For the youngsters there are records of storytelling, rhythm, phonics, and singing. But, as with the tape recorder, they have some criticisms to offer: Said one Chicago teacher: "You can overdo using records." Said a Cleveland English teacher: "You have to be extremely careful in selecting them, both for subject matter and for sound. There are still some records which contain passages as indistinct as a blurry page of type." The Cleveland teacher's solution: get high fidelity, though few schools can as yet afford it.

The TV-viewing pupils of one school thought Andrew Jackson had won the Battle of New Orleans singlehanded.

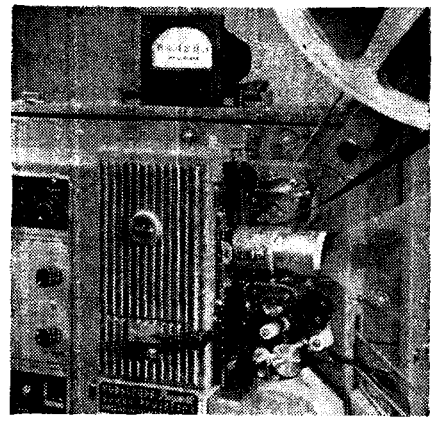
MOST of the teachers questioned were able to make use of radio in their classroom programs, though in Chicago, where the teachers are unable to control either the time or the type of local programs, radio as a teaching tool draws only lukewarm support. Said one Chicago teacher: "With radio you don't know what's coming soon enough to fit it in with your plans." Said another Chicago teacher: "Radio lacks visual appeal anyway."

In Cleveland, however, where the school system maintains its own radio station from 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m., Mrs. Ruth Telfer, an elementary school teacher, thought a radio program

These 4 basic projector advances can make films more useful in *your* business, school, or church.

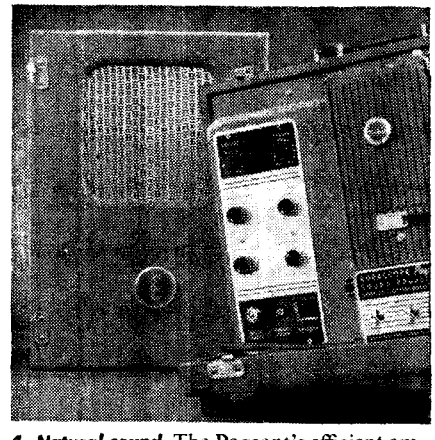


1. Easy setups. *Unfold* the Kodascope Pageant Projector's arms into position—there are no screws or fittings to fiddle with. Drive belts are attached, ready for use. Then thread the film, following the clear, simple diagram on the projector base, and start your run.



2. Simple maintenance. Kodascope Pageant Projectors are *permanently lubricated*—you avoid the hazards of improper oiling, main cause of breakdowns. Stock machines in independent tests have run without stoppage or oiling for the equivalent of 2½ years of normal use!

3. Extra-bright pictures. The Pageant's Super-40 Shutter automatically provides over 40% more screen light at sound speed than standard shutters. This lets you use *big* screens, *long* throws, and even leave enough room light for note taking!



4. Natural sound. The Pageant's efficient amplifiers (with tone *and* volume controls) matched with *well-baffled* speakers, fill your room or auditorium with clear, comfortable, realistic sound. When you wish, you can plug in a "mike" or phonograph, too.

To prove their value...

Let your needs pick your Pageant. With the Super-40 Shutter you can show silent as well as extra-bright sound-speed movies. And with the Pageant, you have your choice of 7- or 15-watt amplifiers, 8- or 12-inch speakers, and a variety of lamps and projection lenses in every practical combination.

Make us prove that a Kodascope Pageant Projector is your best value in the field. Don't buy any projector until you've seen the brilliant Pageant performance on your own screen. Ask your Kodak Audio-Visual Dealer for a demonstration. Or cut the coupon for a fact-crammed catalog. No obligation.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Please send me complete information on the new Kodascope PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projectors, and tell me who can give me a demonstration. I understand I am under no obligation.

NAME_____ TITLE_____

ORGANIZATION_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ (Zone)

2-76

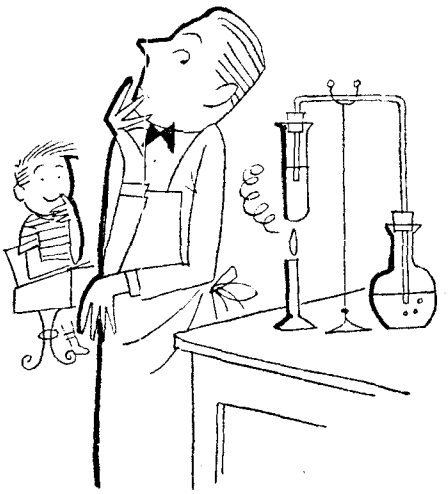
Kodak TRADEMARK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

named "Behind the Headlines" was of considerable help to her pupils. "Behind the Headlines" presents news to the children in their own language and at their own level of understanding. Only in the suburbs of Cleveland were the school system's radio programs criticized. Said Miss Cora Loomis, of Mentor, which lies twenty-five miles from the center of Cleveland: "There's often interference and we don't get the broadcasts clearly. More important for Miss Loomis: "We often can't stay to hear the entire program. My pupils may have to leave in the middle of a broadcast and go to another class. We will have to break down the 'compartments' in which pupils are taught before we can make full use of radio education."

As for television, the teachers were divided in their opinions. In Mentor, Miss Loomis recommends to her pupils that they watch as homework such television programs as "Zoo Parade," "Mr. Wizard," and local telecasts from Cleveland's Museum of Natural History. She believes that even these hit-or-miss programs are better than none at all. In Minneapolis Spanish teacher Mrs. Marguerite Olson agrees that some of her students enjoy the Spanish which is occasionally spoken even on a program like "I Love Lucy," and other teachers commended such programs as "You Are There," the Ed Murrow shows, and the Shakespearean performances of Maurice Evans. "It's a way for students to understand drama as life instead of as memory exercises," says English teacher Watson of Cleveland. Yet the majority of teachers feel that educational TV has by no means reached its potentialities. Says Cleveland history teacher Varner: "We're thinking about educational TV for our city but we don't know when we'll have it. There are good programs on commercial stations. Even when historical plays are over-romanticized they do some good for the subject. They make history come to life." But, says Varner: "Teachers would appreciate more advance notices about these programs. We could prepare the students in class for the out-of-classroom drama. Having this historical background, the youngsters could then attain greater enjoyment."

A Chicago teacher seemed to disagree with Mr. Varner. He said: "The youngsters get too much television. It's hurt their reading. They don't know about Cinderella any more. Only about Kukla, Fran, and Ollie." And in Portland, high school teacher Albert Ouchi said: "Home television can make things tough for the teacher. A recent depiction of the Battle of New Orleans raised the interest level in my history class all right, but the youngsters' TV impressions didn't all square with the textbook. As far as they could see none of the people in New Orleans raised a hand against the British. Andrew Jackson did it all single-handed!"



In the classroom a scientific experiment does not always work; but on a film it *always* does.

THE Minneapolis teachers thought that the most usable of all the new teaching tools are films and film strips. Said Minneapolis teacher Raymond Hovey: "Social studies people use them almost every other day to present such varied subjects as county government, the Civil War, the ways of the pioneers, or the lives of great presidents. The English classes see such classics on film as 'A Tale of Two Cities.' The health and physical education classes use movies that tie in well with their particular subjects, and shop and industrial arts classes see films on safety, on electricity, and aviation." And teachers in other cities seem to agree with the Minneapolis teachers, though most of them did not place films above the other audio-visual aids. There were teachers who used films as frequently as forty or fifty times a year. Said Teacher Haaland of Minneapolis: "There's one called 'We Discover the Dictionary' that teaches more in eleven minutes than I could teach in two weeks."

That the films have improved in quality in the past few years is generally conceded by the teachers. "As recently as six years ago," said Kingsley Trenholme of Portland, "a substantial part of the films available to schools was poor. They were so loaded with advertising or propaganda or they were so far afield from educational goals that no school with standards could use them. But the change has been great. Sponsors and producers . . . are for the most part doing their films in cooperation with the educators and with the aid of the best technical authorities available." The teachers found films and film strips valuable for their science classes (where on film a scientific experiment always works when it might not otherwise), for first-graders (who grow so fond of such familiar fables as "The Three Bears" and "The Gingerbread Man," both now on film, that they call for them again and again), and for such older classroom instruction as "The Development of the Tomato Plant," "The Life of the Monarch Butterfly," and "The World of Atomic Energy."

"My criticism," said a Cleveland English teacher, "is that it seems to be difficult to find a film that fits your particular need. The films seem to generalize and they are best simply as background work. I would like to see films built around a specific subject for a specific piece of classroom work." Said another teacher: "We need films that start with Page One of the science book and supplement the text, chapter by chapter, until the last page is reached." Other criticisms: 1) many of the films are out-of-date; 2) children are not enchanted with the postage-stamp size of some projection screens when they can see commercial films on the huge 3-D screens of local theaters; 3) there is too much repetition in some films. "If a student can't get the idea after seeing some of these films," said Teacher Hovey, "he'll never get it. The repetition in them is almost unbearable"; 4) many mathematics films are inclined to go too fast and to cover too much material; 5) there is not enough variety in the literature films as a whole.

There are some schoolchildren who will take home a textbook only if it fits into a convenient pocket.

NO TOOL for teaching, the teachers agreed, has replaced the textbook. But even the most modern of these came in for their share of criticism

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Generally, the teachers agreed that the new textbooks are brighter and better than ever. They also agreed that there are far more texts available than ever before, and, as a result, some teachers said, they can use as many as four different books in order to fill in any omissions occurring in a single textbook. This is especially good, said one teacher, for counteracting one's own liberal or conservative viewpoint. "I'm a conservative," he said. "So I make sure my pupils have a crack at a liberal textbook, too." Another reported that he was glad for the variety of textbooks and purposely included a small textbook in his selection. "You know," he said, "some kids will take a book home only if it is small enough to fit into a pocket. The big ones they toss right back into their school lockers."

But the teachers are not so inclined to agree that modern textbooks are as accurate or as up-to-date as they might be, or, for that matter, that even their attractiveness offers all the advantages which one might expect. True, there were those, like Cleveland's Mrs. Telfer, who had unqualified praise for the new textbooks. Said Mrs. Telfer, in speaking of the elementary textbooks with which she herself teaches: "You remember the older books? They had pictures of people who were *pretty*, not *real*. They didn't look real to the youngsters either. But today, for example, the mothers and fathers in the pictures look like real mothers and fathers. The father may be fat and bald. The mother sometimes wears glasses. This is all to the good. It makes the textbooks ring true. Many of my children have told me they have actually seen these people."

But Minneapolis's Hovey disagreed somewhat with Mrs. Telfer. Said Mr. Hovey: "If I were a mathematics teacher, I don't think it would make me mad at all if I had to use a book without a single picture." And a fellow Minneapolis teacher, whose subject is high school literature, disagreed more directly with Mrs. Telfer. "Many of the literature textbooks," said the teacher of literature, "have simply been . . . jazzed up." Furthermore, said this teacher, the present-day attractiveness of textbooks is still unable to hide the fact that many of today's textbooks are carelessly put together. "The world has changed fast in recent years," says this teacher, and she feels that "the textbook companies haven't wanted to or been able to" get writers and authorities who have kept up-to-date on some of that progress. "Sure," she said, "that kind of research is expensive. But it's nexcusable not to get the best available literature and poetry in a given field. Take aviation, for instance. That's a modern field, and there's plenty of available literature and poetry which has been written about it. But where is it?"

The science textbooks came in for their share of criticism, too. Said Charles L. Russell, a science teacher of near Chicago: "In science the textbooks . . . are ten to twelve years behind the times. By the time an author has finished his volume and it is available for classroom use, many changes have taken place."

In speaking of history books Cleveland's teacher Varner, noted a few faults, too. Being of the opinion that textbooks are not as dramatic as they once were, Mr. Varner said, "There's still a place for vivid, action-strewn stories of how Jefferson, Jackson, Roger Williams, and others figured in historic conflicts. Our imaginations respond quickly to the deeds of men, but more slowly to the moves of nations. The writers of textbooks should be more courageous in what they omit and what they do not omit. There should be more things left out so the space can be given to intensifying the events that remain in the history book. That's my answer to the publisher or his representative who says, 'We could have made this particular topic more interesting if we could have given it more space.'" Varner also had another criticism of the history-book writers. "One of the great needs for readers of all ages," he said, "is to understand the conflict between freedom and democracy. He should also find out what he, an ordinary individual, can do about it." The writers, he said, tend to neglect this sort of material in their textbooks.

The teachers criticized the textbooks for typographical errors and they criticized them for omitting material which boards of education oftentimes assign at various grade levels. For instance, said a Chicago teacher, the local education department requires a unit on the subject of weather for seventh-graders, but the seventh-grade textbooks make no mention of the subject, thereby requiring the teachers to spend a great deal of extra time rounding up suitable material.

The most widely discussed criticism of the textbooks was about a point on which the teachers themselves were in disagreement. Were the textbooks too difficult or not difficult enough for the age groups for which they were intended? "The books generally," said Miss Loomis, in Cleveland, "seem to have this weakness: the vocabulary is a year ahead of the pupils. In other words, the sixth-graders should be

New from HARPER'S...

How to Get Better Schools

A TESTED PROGRAM

By DAVID B. DREIMAN. *Foreword by Roy E. Larsen.* This handbook — solidly grounded in the achievement of the NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS — is for every citizen who sits on a school board, attends meetings on school problems, or wonders whether to vote "yes" or "no" on a school bond issue. "If you expect to do something about your schools, this is the book to read first."—*Saturday Review.* $3.50

The Early Years of Childhood

EDUCATION THROUGH INSIGHT

By CATHERINE STERN and TONI S. GOULD. A book of child guidance which charts a middle course between the extremes of authoritarianism and too great freedom. Two parent-educators demonstrate how, by an indirect approach, children can be led to adopt a course of behavior which is not only natural and desirable, but conducive to evoking the child's own insight into intelligent action. Generously illustrated with familiar situations. $3.50

At your bookstore or from

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

THE LAST WORD!

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY

Choice of fine bindings from $5. At all bookstores. **RANDOM HOUSE**

FOLKWAYS RECORDS

World's leading producer of AUTHENTIC folk music on RECORDS, including THE ETHNIC FOLKWAYS LIBRARY which contains a selection of the music of over 200 peoples, recorded on location; each Long Play Record is accompanied by extensive notes by collectors and recognized authorities . . .

And the famous SONGS TO GROW ON series for children, ANTHOLOGY OF JAZZ and AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC, INTERNATIONAL, SCIENCE and LITERATURE series.

Most of the issues are original recordings on HIGH FIDELITY—40-18,000 cycles. ALL FOLKWAYS RECORDS are guaranteed for quality of reproduction and content.

For complete catalog write to:

FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.
117 West 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

using fifth-grade books as far as vocabulary is concerned." But Miss Edna Devere, who is an English teacher in Chicago, seemed to disagree. Said Miss DeVere: "The textbooks fail miserably in providing material that is difficult enough for the bright student in advanced courses. If we are ever going to make amends to the bright students and do right by them, the publishers will have to go along with us." In Chicago the teachers generally found the textbooks too "watered down" for the superior student. But in Portland, Amo DeBernardis called this charge completely false. "On the contrary," said DeBernardis, "they are tougher than ever, particularly in science. I shudder to think what I would have done with the physics and chemistry books the kids are expected to handle today. And the same thing holds for the newer textbook treatment of history, government, and sociology."

In Minneapolis, Miss Mabel Melby hopefully offered what she thought might be a solution to the problem of a textbook's difficulty or lack of difficulty. Said Miss Melby: "Perhaps there might be a set of textbooks on each subject—there are some sets of readers like this right now—which include the same material described in language of varying degrees of difficulty, the more complex for the better readers, the simpler for the slower ones."

Said Teacher Kobukata of Chicago, trying to sum up the entire discussion of modern teaching tools: "[The tools] have made school more enjoyable for both student and teacher. The good old days when you had only one textbook to work with weren't so good. Now the children are exposed to more and they learn more. But neither machines nor modern textbooks can take over the teacher's job. How good a class is still depends on the teacher."

We All Need to Read

By DAVID H. RUSSELL, *professor of education, University of California, Berkeley.*

OVER half of the adults of the United States last year lived within a mile of a public library. Yet only a fifth of them visited a public library during the year and only a tenth of them averaged as much as one visit a month. To put it percentage-wise and including books from all other sources, during the year 48 per cent of American adults read no books, 18 per cent read one to four books, 7 per cent more read between five and nine books, and 18 per cent more read between ten and forty-nine books. Seven percent of the adult population read fifty or more books during the year.

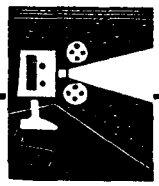
• • The United States Census reports indicate that the average reading ability today of the American adult (over twenty-five years) is probably that of the typical ninth-grade student. This corresponds roughly to average schooling. But the 1950 Census also indicates that over nine million adults in this country are "functionally illiterate"—that they have completed less than five years of schooling and can't read and write sufficiently well to carry on the ordinary business of living. The 1940 Census "revealed that there were three times as many functional illiterates . . . as college graduates in the country." In New York State alone today there are about a million functional illiterates, and Illinois and California each have over 400,000 of them. These are states which rank high in educational achievement, but in these and other states the numbers exist literally by the hundred thousand—and associated with such conditions are poverty, disease, low wages, occupational deficiency, and Selective Service rejections. Functional illiteracy is highest in our Southeastern states but is obviously not confined to this area—migration alone would take care of that. If you live in a typical town in the United States and walk down the street some day, every eighth or ninth adult you meet is "functionally illiterate." Is it surprising that he reads little or not at all?

• • Occasionally an irate parent raises the cry "Why don't the schools teach reading?" Or, even an occasional book has a transient success by maintaining that the schools don't teach reading as well as they once did. The weight of the huge majority of cases is against the parent or the author: careful studies indicate that children do read as well or a little better than they did thirty or fifty years ago, given the same general ability and opportunity. Of course this fact about most children may not apply to the individual Frank or Michael who is having trouble with reading and perhaps with school generally. Studies of the Franks and Mikes show that the causes of reading difficulty, like those of delinquency or any socially disapproved behavior, are often subtle and complex, and usually in some sort of constellation or syndrome of causes rather than a single cause. Accordingly, simple and single remedies such as more phonics, retardation, or word drill are not usually an answer. Frank or Mike usually need some individual help for a while, the kind they can get in a clinic but not in a class of thirty-five or more youngsters. More school systems, in Europe as well as America, are developing individual facilities.

• • We should not make the mistake of saying that the effects of movies, radio and television on reading are all bad. In a study of children in grades 4 to 12 in Ann Arbor, Michigan, Battin found that about one-third of the group believed television had not influenced their reading habits. About 20 per cent said they read more books and magazines and less than 15 per cent said they read less than before TV. Just as some movies send people back to buy and read a certain book, so televiewing is not the complete undoing of reading habits. Perhaps some teachers and worrisome adults need the spirit of the cartoon of two five-year-old boys stretched out on their stomachs in front of a television set. One is saying to the other, "I wish they'd invent something new. I've been looking at television all my life." There does come a time when many children are conscious of the repetition and scarcity of ideas in comics, the pulps, or television programs. Then it is to be hoped that they will also discover the breadth and depth of ideas found in good books.

• • People will read if reading helps them. Child or adult, a person will continue to read if reading fulfills some of his deepest psychological needs. A casual interest in a topic does not make for continued reading. The kind of a community one lives in, the friends one has or does not have, the kind of jobs one holds—all these affect the amount and kind of reading one does. If you need prestige, you read to feel superior or to relieve feelings of inferiority. If you need respite, you read for relaxation and escape. If you need greater competence or more beauty you read for practical solutions or for esthetic experiences in beautifully written materials.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IDEAS ON FILM

Educational Films Through the Years

DESPITE the thousands of new educational films being released each year the old films are generally the most popuplar. A poll this month by the Educational Film Library Association discloses that the three films used most frequently in classrooms were made more than fifteen years ago. All three, incidentally, were produced by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films—**"Colonial Children"** in 1939, **"Adventures of Bunny Rabbit"** in 1937, and **"Gray Squirrel"** in 1938. Also at the top of the list were two comparative newcomers to the classroom, **"Autumn on the Farm,"** also an EBF production released in 1948, and **"Johnny Appleseed,"** produced by Coronet Instructional Films and released just a short year and a half ago.

To reach the head of a list such as this means first of all that a good number of educational film libraries have already purchased the film, and secondly that once purchased the film is in high demand and spends relatively few days on the shelf. It probably means that some teachers use the same film year after year with each new class and that new teachers hear and read about it at meetings and in film publications.

Of the educational films released during this past year, it is easy to pick out a handful which seem likely to achieve long-time popularity. First there are the Arne Sucksdorff films which Encyclopaedia Britannica Films is revising and releasing from time to time. **"Adventures of a Baby Fox," "The Hunter and the Forest,"** and **"Tale of a Fiord"** are the three that have been issued thus far, and others are promised in the near future. Sucksdorff's camera focusses on the intense beauty and deep mystery of all living things, and it is unlikely that his audience will do anything except multiply as the years go by. The same is to be predicted for EBF's new European productions by John Barnes, of which the latest release, **"William Shakespeare,"** is reviewed below. **"The Pilgrims"** and **"Captain John Smith"** were reviewed in an earlier issue (*SR* Sept. 10) and were singled out as the most convincing historical re-enactment films yet made for classroom use.

Of the commercially sponsored films, the best do little or no advertising. Alan Shilin's **"Spirit in the Earth"** for P. Lorillard, and Arnold Eagle's **"Pirogue Maker"** for Esso are two fine examples. My vote for the best advertising film for school use goes to **"Molly Grows Up,"** a most satisfactory explanation of menstruation for young teen-agers, produced for Personal Products. The American Petroleum Institute's **"Story of Colonel Drake"** has some, but not all, of the elements of a good classroom film—but like most sponsored films it was made with a predominantly adult audience in mind. Business and industry sponsors who want their films to be useful in schools (89 percent of them do, according to a recent survey by the Association of National Advertisers), will find interesting reading in the new A.N.A. booklet listing twenty-two criteria for sponsors to mull over. (Copies are available from the Association of National Advertisers, 285 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.)

One other high spot in educational films for this year has been the 16mm release of a number of important television productions. Among them are five of Edward R. Murrow's **"See It Now"** shows (available for purchase from McGraw-Hill Text-Films), his interview with Senator McCarthy (available on loan from Association Films), the entire CBS-TV series of **"The Search"** and **"You Are There"** (available for purchase from Young America Films), and Maurice Evans' **"Macbeth"** and **"Richard II"** produced for Hallmark (available for loan from Association Films).

By almost any reckoning, Shakespeare is the foremost figure in this year's 16mm round-up. In addition to the Maurice Evans productions, we have United World Films' announcement of the 16mm release of Olivier's **"Henry V"** and **"Hamlet."** Plus that, Encyclopaedia Britannica's remarkably fine film biography, **"William Shakespeare."** Plus that, the National Film Board of Canada's **"Stratford Adventure,"** in which Alec Guinness and Irene Worth are seen rehearsing for the now-famous summer theater in Ontario.

Olivier's **"Henry V"** is certainly one of the most stirring films of its decade. Aside from the memorable performances of Olivier and the entire cast, there were the exhilarating colors, the stirring music, and the elegant costumes which were truly evocative of medieval England.

Olivier's **"Hamlet,"** following upon the successful heels of **"Henry V,"** had several other strikes against it from the start. It is, first of all, one play which is more meaningful in the reading than in the seeing. Secondly, it does not lend itself to analytical visualization as easily as an "action" play does. Thirdly, each scene is so endowed with worldly beauty that the task of confining the play to motion picture length automatically meant the snipping off of many wonderful and important lines. But with it all (as has not been true of Orson Welles' several efforts to put Shakespeare on film), there is depth and force. A very

EDUCATION AND THE SUPREME COURT *by Clark Spurlock*

The Court's opinions since 1789 on issues affecting education — desegregation, loyalty oaths, teacher tenure, Bible reading, etc. — are presented here, and their effects are discussed and analyzed. The summary and conclusion deals with the rights of students, parents, teachers, races, non-public schools, and the powers of school authorities. An explanation of how the Supreme Court functions is included. $3.75

TEXT MATERIALS IN MODERN EDUCATION: A Comprehensive Theory and Platform for Research *edited by Lee J. Cronbach*

The textbook is a major tool — and sometimes a controversial subject — of teaching, yet there has been little systematic research into its forms, needs, and uses. As a basis for such research, Willard B. Spalding, Wilbur Schramm, and others here discuss such matters as who writes our texts, how they are selected and distributed, and the economics of textbook publishing. $2.50

BLACK HAWK: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY *edited by Donald Jackson*

A phase of our history emerges from the life story of this famous Sauk warrior who fought to keep his lands in the Mississippi Valley. This volume is a reprint of the 1833 edition. Notes, illustrations, maps, and an introduction. $3.75

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS, URBANA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

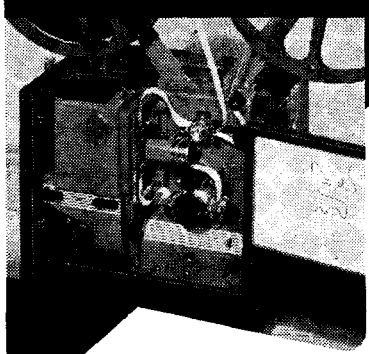
Special Tape

Gets Most Out of Tape Recorders

An exclusive magnetic tape manufacturing process, called Ferro-Sheen and developed by the makers of Irish brand recording tape, has resulted in new benefits to tape recorder users. The Irish Ferro-Sheen process produces the smoothest and most uniform tape surface thus far achieved in the industry, resulting in reduced wear of both tape and heads, almost complete freedom from peeling oxide particles that gum up the recorder mechanism, and unlimited tonal fidelity within the capabilities of each machine. In schools, offices, homes and other applications where the user may have little or no technical experience, these built-in advantages assume particular importance.

A fine example of Ferro-Sheen tape is Irish Long-Play, which gives 50% more playing time than conventional tapes on the same standard-size reels. (7-inch reel—1800 feet; 5-inch reel—900 feet.) If not available from your favorite audio-visual dealer, write directly to the manufacturer. You should write in any case, because Irish will send you free of charge (and without obligation) a supply of handy Irish Reel-Tabs, the reel indexing device that does away forever with the problem of stray, unidentified reels. Address all inquiries to ORRadio Industries, Opelika 8, Alabama.

Better Movies and Sound:



Just two reasons why

VICTOR IS YOUR BEST BUY

in 16mm Motion Picture Projectors.

There are many more. Ask us how Victor can enhance *your* film program.

WRITE VICTOR Animatograph Corporation

Dept. SR-26, Davenport, Iowa

SETTING THE STAGE FOR JOHNNY TO READ

By Romie Dustin Judd, Ph.D.

Written by the Dean of Georgetown College, this balanced, workable text of specific information is directed at securing maximum reading results from every Johnny. Comprehensive, sound. **$2.50**

Pageant Press, Inc. 130 W. 42 St., N.Y. 36, N.Y.

fine exercise for college and high school classes would be to study these two films and compare them, not to the original plays, but to the strengths and weaknesses of Welles' **"Macbeth"** and **"Othello"** and Evans' **"Macbeth"** and **"Richard II."** The Olivier films are available for rental from United World Films, 1445 Park Avenue, New York 29, N.Y. The Welles films are available for rental from Brandon Films, 220 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. The Evans films are available for free loan from Association Films, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Don't miss seeing EBF's **"William Shakespeare"** (25 min., color or black-and-white), so extraordinary a re-enacted biography that one must think twice before beginning its praises, for fear of over-praising it. The film is intended for English literature and theater arts classes in high schools and colleges; this should mean that every student who gets an education worthy of the name will have a chance to meet Shakespeare and his world in this most thoughtful condensation of his life. Although the settings, costumes, and performances are admittedly less spectacular than those in the Olivier films, they far outshine anything I've yet seen in educational films—and most of what I've seen in major studio releases. Encyclopaedia Britannica Films has offices throughout the country; headquarters are at 1125 Central Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois.

"The Stratford Adventure" (40 min., color or black-and-white) will find less place in the literature class than in the theater workshop. It re-tells the story of how a small Canadian village, through the initiative of one man, became the center of some of this continent's finest summer theatre-in-the-round. The film takes us into community meetings, volunteer committee activities, and Tyron Guthrie's rehearsals of **"All's Well That Ends Well"** and **"Richard III."** Produced by the National Film Board of Canada; distributed for rental and purchase by Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

An exceptional art education film is presented in **"Rembrandt van Rijn"** (27 min., color), which uses the artist's paintings, particularly the portraits and self-portraits, to reveal his personality and his life. Music and narration are in excellent taste, and the film most definitely takes the viewer nearer the painter and his work. The film was produced by Morris Roizman, and is available on 16mm from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1125 Central Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois.

Equally didactic and every bit as interesting is Paul Haesaerts' **"From Renoir to Picasso"** (31 min.). As in other of his films **"Rubens,"** for example), Haesaerts here superimposes animated outlines over the paintings to show pattern, movement, and focus. The split-screen is used with decided effectiveness, allowing simultaneous comparisons of Renoir, Seurat, and Picasso side by side. For classroom study, these techniques should be unusually stimulating. I must confess that I learn a great deal from this sort of film—not only what the film tells me, but many ideas of my own which this particular film style seems to arouse. **"From Renoir to Picasso"** won a Golden Reel award last year, and has had wide acclaim in Europe. Length rather than style is my complaint, and if I were using the film in class I would find a half-way place for general discussion and then continue with the film to round out the session. **"From Renoir to Picasso"** is distributed for rental and purchase by Brandon Films, 200 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

Three less intricate films that caught my eye this month are **"Holiday Art," "Art Begins at Home,"** and **"Boy Creates Toy"**—in which a family of attractive youngsters show other children how to make Christmas ornaments, Thanksgiving place-cards, colored wrapping paper, and real toys of their own. Although the setting is at home, the activities could be transferred into the nursery or schoolroom with very little effort. The films might well be used in teacher training classes for discussion, and with groups of youngsters for motivation. They are available for purchase from Bailey Films, 6509 De Longpre Avenue, Hollywood 28, California.

I'd like to say a word about the newly issued short version of **"Mahatma Gandhi"** (19 min.), a film created largely from newsreel footage taken in the long and memorable career of India's great leader. This film, like the feature-length production which sired it, is burdened with an excessively heavy narration and a poor narrator, dulling but not quite deadening the dynamic personality and spirit of Gandhi. Pictorially the film is as important a milestone in

16mm. FILM LOVERS:

For your next Club or Home Entertainment: Films that are Different from Strange and Fascinating

AUSTRALIA.

DOCUMENTARY AND ENTERTAINMENT SUBJECTS

Over 100 Titles available for rent or purchase.

Write for free illustrated catalog to

AUSTRALIAN NEWS AND INFORMATION BUREAU

636 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

history as has yet been recorded on film. It is available for rental and purchase from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1125 Central Avenue, Wilmette, Illinois.

Two more EBF films are worth taking note of, **"Listening to Good Music"** and **"Playing Good Music."** Both films run for 14 minutes, and both feature the Fine Arts Quartet in illustrations of how the stringed instruments look and sound. Musical samples from the works of Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn and other notable composers are played. The sound quality is very good; unfortunately it is achieved at the expense of the exact synchronization which can be achieved only with simultaneous picture and sound recording. However, the film is sure to be of enormous value in music classes, particularly at high school level.

FOR one reason or another, this department has not yet gotten around to mentioning the organization now known as the Society for the French American Cultural Services and Educational Aid, Inc. This organization is worth remembering, because at a phenomenally low cost (something like $15 a year) a school can select and receive one film a month—and there are literally hundreds to choose from. Nearly all are in French, without subtitles, but many have accompanying texts available for teacher and students to study. The architecture, arts, crafts, geography, and history of France are well represented. Among the more familiar titles are **"Images Médiévales," "Braque," "Matisse," "Maillol"** (the latter two in English or in French, Jean Benoit-Lèvy's **"Un Grand Potier"** and **"Un Grand Verrier,"** Jacques-Yves Cousteau's **"Epaves"** and **"Paysages du Silence,"** Georges Rouquier's **"Le Tonnelier"** and **"Sel de la Terre,"** and the marvelous story about a boy and a horse, **"Crin Blanc."** In addition there is a whole slew of films, good and bad, about the famous cities, cathedrals, and countryside of *la belle France*. Slides, records and filmstrips of all descriptions are also available. A free catalog is available to schools and colleges. Write to the afore-mentioned organization, at 972 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

My parting comment is about an interesting group in England known as the Society of Film Teachers, which with the help of the British Film Institute is doing much to encourage and guide the regular teaching of film appreciation in British schools and youth clubs. This sort of thing, which has taken root in many U.S. colleges and universities, is all but unknown in our grade and high school's. In Britain some enterprising teachers have even assisted ten- and eleven-year-old students in producing motion pictures of their own. Four of these short films are available for rental from Kinesis, Inc., 566 Commercial Street, San Francisco 1, California. Total rental price is $3. I like best the little film that shows the difference between telling a story through life-like actions and telling it cinematically through the camera. A more ambitious film, entitled "The Picnic," involves a considerable effort in terms of scripting, directing, photographing, editing, and acting—but teachers who see it should remember to compare it not to professional motion pictures but to the drawings or compositions of children of similar age. Needless to say, the emphasis is not on producing the best possible film, but on giving the youngster a chance to experience the way in which a story is brought to life on film. The Society of Film Teachers publishes a quarterly newsletter. Further information about the Society is available from its Joint Honorary Secretary, Mr. S. G. P. Alexander, 15 Angus Drive, South Ruislip, Middlesex, England.

—CECILE STARR.

Important new titles in the revolutionary new soft-cover series

EVERGREEN BOOKS $1 and up

Not merely "reprints" but truly distinguished books, strikingly and sturdily bound, for a permanent place in your library. Order with the handy coupon below, and note the money-back guarantee of satisfaction.*

Winner of the Grove Press Award

MANO MAJRA (E-28)
By KHUSHWANT SINGH. The prize-winning novel of violence and tragic love in one Indian village during the great uprooting of peoples in the partition of India. $1.25

DEMOCRACY AND DICTATORSHIP (E-31)
By ZEVEDEI BARBU. Are both democracy and dictatorship inevitable outgrowths of Western civilization? A brilliant study of the conditions that cause each to arise. $1.45

VIRGIN SOIL (E-27)
By IVAN TURGENEV. The Russian nihilist movement of the 1870's reflected in the story of an aristocratic girl and her poet lover. $1.45

THREE EXEMPLARY NOVELS (E-30)
By MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Three intense tragedies by one of the most vigorous literary figures of our period. $1.45

MID-CENTURY FRENCH POETS (E-26)
Ed. and tr. by WALLACE FOWLIE. Verse by Emmanuel, Michaux, Desnos, Eluard, Breton, Cocteau, Perse, Fargue, Jacob — original French text with English translation. $1.45

THE POEMS OF CATULLUS (E-29)
Translated by HORACE GREGORY. The famous English version of Catullus' witty, candid, and erotic poetry, with a new Introduction by the translator. $1.25

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON (E-25)
By MARK TWAIN. "The most extraordinary book in American literature. Deals not only with slavery but with miscegenation."—*Leslie Fiedler.* $1.25

STORM AT CASTELFRANCO (E-32)
By CHESTER KALLMAN. First collection of verse by this 1955 winner of a grant by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. $1.00

WAITING FOR GODOT (E-33)
By SAMUEL BECKETT. "One of the most noble and moving plays of our generation."—*London Times.* $1.00

***Send no money.** Just mark the books you wish to examine and mail this coupon today. You risk nothing.

To GROVE PRESS, Dept. B17, 795 Broadway, N. Y. 3 (or your favorite bookseller)

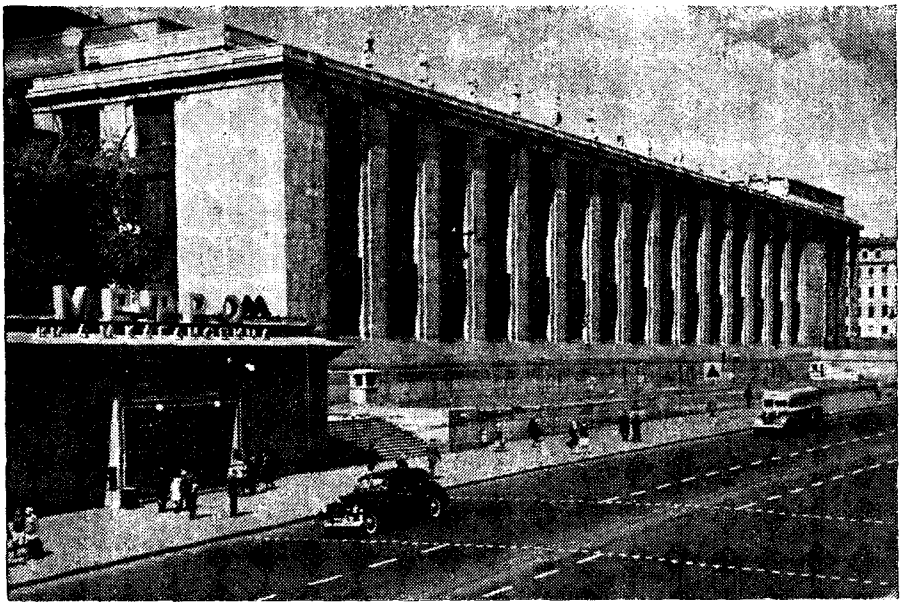
Please send me the books circled below:
E-29 E-25 E-32 E-33
E-28 E-31 E-27 E-30 E-26

If not delighted, I may return books within 5 days and owe you nothing. Otherwise I will pay you the low *Evergreen price* plus few cents postage.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
☐ SAVE. Enclose remittance. We then pay postage. Same refund privilege.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tourist in Russia-III: Big Brother's Five-Foot Shelf



The new Lenin Library—"no such thing as an American shelf."

IN THE many meetings I had with Russian interpreters and officials (for one is scarcely able to develop friends), the conversations had a natural, almost gravitational way of teetering over into politics and from politics into accusation. The Russian answers were always set and stock, reminiscent in their way of the unswerving, rock-hard, Victrola-record responses one used to get from the ultra leftwing people back in college.

For support of their arguments and allegations the Russians were forever calling upon their newspapers. And I just as frequently reminded them of their one-party press. "How can you possibly hear both sides of the story when your newsstands don't sell a Western paper or magazine?" I continually asked them, and the answer always came back: "We can read your books your newspapers and your magazines in the library."

I finally decided to look at the library myself and requested permission to visit the Lenin Library, Moscow's largest. It was granted in one day. At the door I found a militiaman with a revolver. "Why do you have a police guard here?" I asked. And the answer came back, "Because we have many treasures."

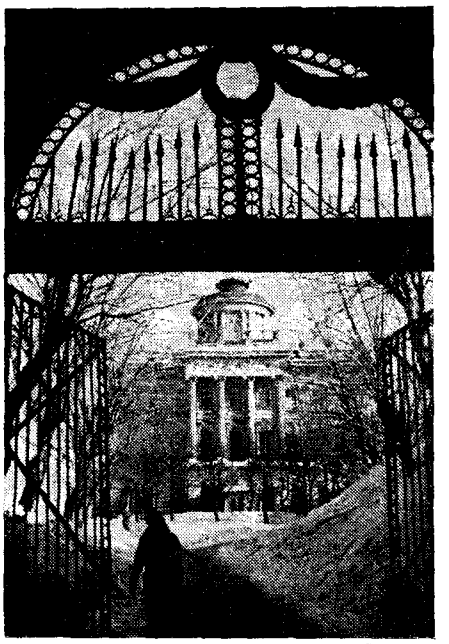
There was a librarian to meet us. She told me, through my interpreter, that the old wing of the library had been built in the eighteenth century, and the new building added in the Thirties. In the two buildings there were 18,000,000 books on the shelves. Over 5,000 people visit the library every day, more than 1,500,000 readers every year. It takes 2,000 employes to run it. To use the library a citizen must fill out a card which requires the usual information excepting that it also asks what field of study the reader is interested in, and it enjoins the visitor to report immediately to the library authorities any other person seen mutilating or stealing a book.

I asked first to see the Western newspapers, which I was told arrive daily by mail. In a crowded basement workroom I was first shown a tabloid called *New Age* which carried the headline, "DULLES BARES HIS TEETH." It proved to be the English language newspaper of the Communist Party in India. Next came a copy of the *Chicago Tribune* for December 14, 1955, with the headline "UN PACKAGE DEAL VETOED." I was shown a card file which indicated that newspapers regularly received and filed in the Lenin Library are the *Chicago Daily News*, *Chicago Tribune*, *New York Daily News*, *Daily People's World* (San Francisco), *Daily Worker* (New York), the *Korean Independence* (Los Angeles), *Morning Freiheit* (New York), *Magyar Jövö* (an Hungarian daily published in New York, card marked 1949), *National Guardian*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, *The New York Times*, the *Wall Street* [illegible] *Times Herald*.

I asked about American magazines and was told that many of them were being read at the moment, but they would show me what they had. Soon librarians began dropping publications in front of me. They included *the American Printer and Lithographer*, *American Engineer*, *Foreign Service Journal*, *Fibre and Fabric*, *World Wool Digest*, *The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, *The American Bee Journal*, the *Journal of Colloid Science*, and *American Annals of the Deaf*.

IT WAS certainly, I said, a commendable collection, but were there no popular magazines? "But what are these?" they asked. "These, as I'm sure you must realize, are trade journals. I am talking about magazines which we read for entertainment as well as instruction." Out came a recent copy of *Life* and another of *Collier's*. "Everything else is being read," I was told, but I was shown a card file which indicated that popular magazines regularly received include: *Collier's*, *Life*, *Ebony*, *National Geographic*, *Popular Photography*, *Modern Photography*, *Theatre Arts*, *Musical America*, and the *Brown Alumni Monthly*.

We moved upstairs to books. There was no such thing, I was informed, as an "American shelf." Books in English are not grouped together. However, the library would be pleased to let me look at card files which would include American authors. I began to thumb the cards: Mignon Eberhardt, James Farrell ("My Days of Anger," "Father and Son"). Howard Fast



—*Sovfoto.*

The old Lenin Library.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

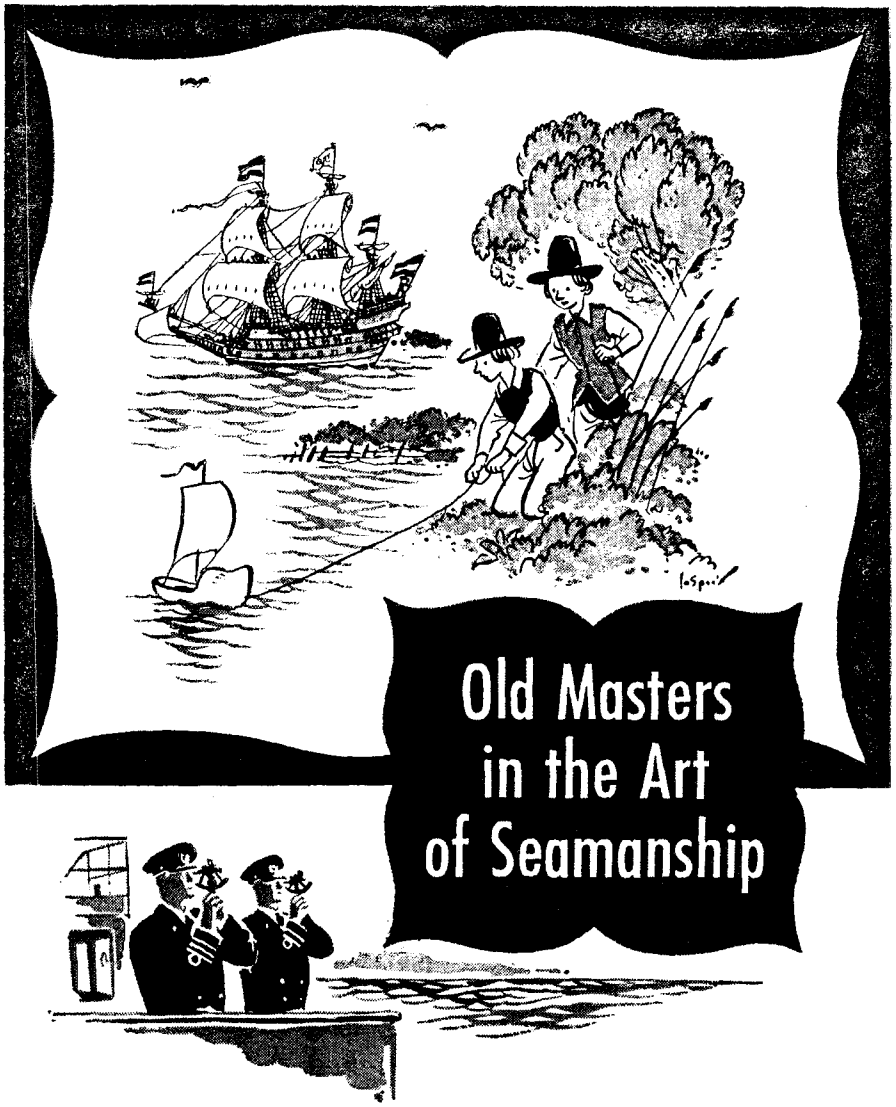
(sixteen titles from "Patrick Henry" and the "Frigate's Keel" in 1945 to "The Last Frontier" in 1955). There was a copy of Fast's "Clarkton" in Hungarian, and "The Unvanquished" (1945) was available in Hungarian, German, Rumanian, and Czech.

Farther on I found Faulkner's "Collected Stories," "A Fable," "Pylon," "Sanctuary," "Sartoris," and also Faulkner in French. Not far off was Zane Grey in German. My interpreter peered over my shoulder to see which books had interested me enough to make a note. I showed him my note about Zane Grey and wondered if he later made a report about it.

There was a long list of Hemingway dating back to "Winner Take Nothing" and up to "For Whom the Bell Tolls." There were copies on the shelves of "Death in the Afternoon," "A Farewell to Arms," and "To Have and Have Not" in Russian. "The Green Hills of Africa" in French and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" in Bulgarian. There was Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" and, strangely, "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes." The first work was also available in Russian and French.

If a Russian read English and could obtain release of a book he could read short stories by Katherine Anne Porter or Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings or Vina Delmar, or Upton Sinclair, or "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." There were four copies of "Grapes of Wrath," as well Steinbeck's "In Dubious Battle," "The Long Valley," "Of Mice and Men," "Tortilla Flat," and "The Wayward Bus." And nobody, not even Howard Fast, commanded more cards than Jack London, in whose frostbitten novels the Russians have found a sort of kinship. I asked to move on to non-fiction, with an idea of looking especially for some of the postwar memoirs by our wartime leaders.

All I could find under nonfiction were such specialized items as "Address by the President of the United States of America, Dwight D. Eisenhower, by the President of the United Mexican States, Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, on the Occasion of the Dedication of Falcon Dam, Monday, October 19, 1953." There was also a copy of "American Imperialist Intervention in Vietnam, a Speech by Pham Van-Dong on the Lawton Collins Mission," a volume entitled "U. S. Spies in Socialist Countries," by William Gallacher, published in London by the British Communist Party. A paper entitled "International Scientific Committee for the Investigation of the Facts Concerning Bacteriological Warfare in Korea and China," published in Peking, was available in English, Hungarian, Polish, and Czech. It came to 665 pages with illustrations. And lastly, I found a copy of "What Has



Within sight and sound of the sea since early childhood, the Hollander is by nature a seafarer. His are the skills of a long tradition —and they make a cruise or a crossing run smoothly.

Meticulous shipkeeping, faultless courtesy, the ability to set a bountiful table—these, too, make the Dutch renowned masters in the art of running a ship so well.

Which is why you'll so often hear that one cruise or crossing by Holland-America so directly deserves another.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Holland-America Line

29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y. OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP!"

Frequent sailings to IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE and HOLLAND for ALL EUROPE. Choose the luxurious flagship NIEUW AMSTERDAM, the twin thriftliners RYNDAM and MAASDAM, the one-class motorships WESTERDAM and NOORDAM. Superb CRUISE PROGRAM in all seasons

The NIEUW AMSTERDAM, RYNDAM and MAASDAM call regularly at Southampton for LONDON and all Britain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jamaica
MONTEGO BAY • KINGSTON

WINTER SPORTS
WITH
WEST INDIAN
FLAVOR!

ONLY NON-STOP
Super Constellation
LUXURY SERVICE

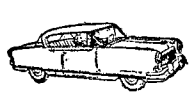
Water-skiing at a wonderful 80°, skin-diving, fishing and golf . . . balmy ocean breezes. *Less Than 6 Hours From N. Y.*

AVIANCA
Oldest Airline in the Americas

See Your Travel Agent or
PAN AMERICAN *Gen'l Ag'ts*
80 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. ST 6-0600

Freighter Voyages
TRAVEL THE COMFORTABLE LEISURELY WAY. BE ONE OF AN INTIMATE SHIPS COMPANY ON A VOYAGE OF ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE. VISIT JAPAN, MANILA, HONG KONG, SEE RIO DE JANEIRO, MONTEVIDEO AND BUENOS AIRES. SPOTLESS CHEERFUL NORWEGIAN SHIPS. LUXURIOUS CABINS WITH PRIVATE BATH OR SHOWERS. TASTEFUL MEALS - SMORGASBORD. COURTEOUS ENGLISH SPEAKING OFFICERS AND STEWARDESSES FOR REAL SATISFACTION NOTHING EQUALS FREIGHTER TRAVEL. ENJOY THE BEST.
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE
IVARAN Lines
STOCKARD STEAMSHIP CORPORATION General Agents
17 BATTERY PLACE NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

SEE EUROPE next summer in a PRIVATE CAR!



Travel an ideal way — small groups in several private cars. Unusually interesting itineraries.

Sailings: Grand Tour June 13
Music Festival Tour July 19
Under direction of Dr. W. F. Striedieck
All inclusive price $1200
Folder on request
Auto Trails in Europe
Box 404, State College, Pa.

Alaska to Offer Postwar Pioneers," published in Washington by the Government Printing Office. I recall wondering if the Russians understood we meant *American* pioneers.

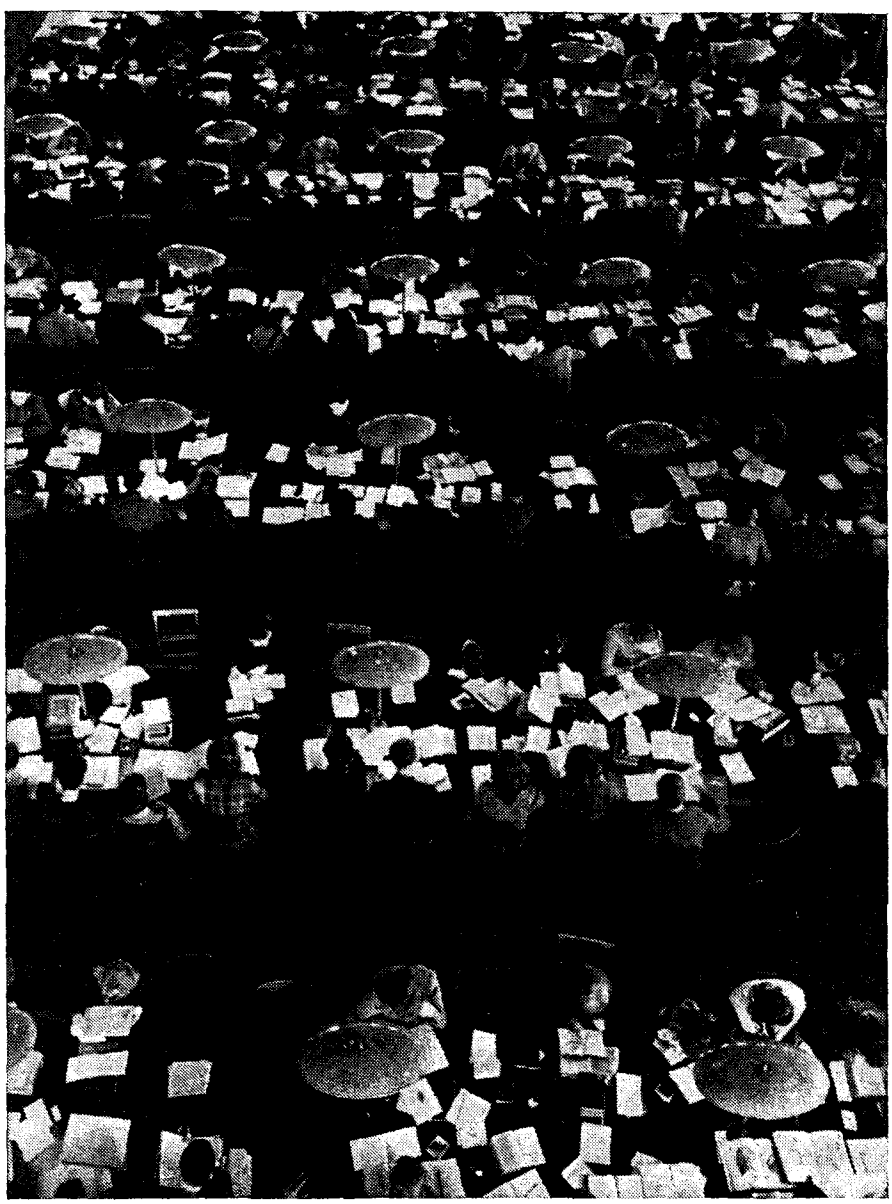
I closed my notebook, and under a portrait of Marx conversing with Engles the librarian, the interpreter, and I had a chat. "How do you obtain your American books?" I asked. She answered, "By exchange with American libraries." "Well, how then can you control what American libraries send you?" "As a rule," she said, "foreign libraries know our demands." "Still," I countered, "it is highly possible that an American library might send you a book by an unacceptable author, or even an anti-Communist book." She said she knew nothing about a list of "unacceptable authors." She said all sorts of anti-Soviet books are put on the shelf. She said they used to choose and select books with great care, but it has become physically impossible to look through every volume.

Although the library receives its American books by exchange, it may also make certain requests to its exchange partner. Books requested by the Lenin Library are chosen according to the author's name. As for technical books, these are handpicked by a reviewing board. There was a time when not even all American newspapers were given out to anyone who asked for them. Things, she said, had changed somewhat with the death of Stalin. The tendency now is to distribute books which are mildly anti-Soviet to anyone who asks for them. Books that are out-and-out anti-Soviet are kept in the library, but they are only released to people who are making a study of American-Soviet relations.

"Do you have any copies of Orwell in the library?" I asked.

"Who?" she said.

—HORACE SUTTON.



Readers in the Lenin Library's main room—"Who's Orwell?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel Is a Teacher

By RICHARD D. WEIGLE, *president, St. John's College, Maryland.*

THE CONSTELLATION that will take off from Idlewild International Airport for Europe on July 1 will perhaps appear, to a casual observer, no different from any other tourist flight. Aboard it, however, will be the thirty members of the fourth Seminar-in-Europe, sponsored by ancient little St. John's College of Annapolis, Maryland.

Overnight this group of potential travel-students—young and old, businessman and housewife, pragmatist and liberal artist—will wing their collective way across the Atlantic and over Europe to dinner in Athens. There, with their tutors, they will commence a six-week program of travel and seminar discussions in half a dozen major European centers.

Stemming directly out of the Adult Education Program of St. John's College, the Seminar-in-Europe was conceived of as a common experience in travel and study for like-minded people. St. John's tutors had found the seminar on Great Books of our Western tradition an effective basis for the College's undergraduate curriculum which includes four years of required work in language, mathematics, and laboratory science as well. They recognized that reading and group discussion of the books stimulated thought and inquiry, freed the individual from conventional opinion and prejudice, and developed in him the arts or skills of reading and communicating, of analyzing and judging.

We at St. John's wondered whether there might be any advantage to discussing certain of these books in the European cities which had given them birth, or which were in some way associated with their authors. Was there any insight or understanding to be gained by reading Machiavelli's "Prince" amid the monuments of the Florentine city state, or a Shakespearean play against the backdrop of a performance at Stratford-on-Avon?

It was not long before the critics pounced. In reporting the vagaries of the first St. John's European odyssey, one news magazine sarcastically cited the trip as an example of "the extent to which Americans will go for their culture." Even tutors and students at the college itself had qualms about combining serious discussion of books with what appeared to be a European travel junket.

The fact remains that the participants of the past three summers have found the experience a rewarding one and have reported that the reading and the sightseeing have comple-

EUROPE

DELUXE SUMMER FESTIVAL TOUR—Visit Spain, Portugal, France, England, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and the Riviera. 75 exciting days—June 23 to September 5. Travel first class aboard the SS ROMA, first or tourist class via PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS. Enjoy music festivals, medieval tournaments, gondola serenades, accommodations in ancient castles converted into modern hotels and deluxe MELIA motorcoach travel. $2199, all-expense included, with steamship passage; $2364, with first class air passage; $2155, tourist air passage.

GRAND EUROPEAN ECONOMY TOUR—A wonderful thrift tour featuring deluxe motorcoach travel and good tourist class hotels. First class hotels in Spain. First class travel aboard SS ROMA. 75-day, all-expense included visit of Spain, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria and Liechtenstein. June 23 to September 5, $1425.

CONSULT US for up-to-the-minute help in planning your European holiday. Choose from our fine selection of steamship and air tours to Europe . . . motor tours of Spain, Portugal and Europe. Independent travel itineraries also prepared.

For free, informative booklets—

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

MELIA tours INC.

336 PARK AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y. **MU 8-7992**

Swiftest, smoothest, easiest way to get about Europe is to fly BEA; which is why more people in Europe fly BEA than by any other airline. Fast and frequent services between London and most principal cities of Europe, by Europe's finest pressurized airliners—the luxurious ELIZABETHAN and the famous four-engined turbo-prop VISCOUNT.

BEA *BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS*

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT General Sales Agents in U. S. A., Canada, Central and South America: British Overseas Airways Corporation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Egypt

CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

Nowhere else in the world can be found such a colorful panorama of ancient and present day civilizations meeting in perfect harmony. Nowhere else can be found such a vast heritage of legend, mystery and romance side by side with modern comforts and accomplishments. Adventurers, historians, romanticists and just plain tourists will thrill to the *never-to-be forgotten experiences*, scenes, and recreations.

When all these attractions are merged in one modest priced trip via a Khedivial Mail Line vessel you have the perfect vacation, with interest, novelty and enjoyment sustained from the moment you sail.

Ask your Travel Agent or

Khedivial Mail Line

Stockard Steamship Corporation
Agents

17 Battery Place
New York 4, N. Y.

FLYING COLLEGE
Seventh Season **SUMMER TOURS**

Operated with the cooperation of foreign universities and governments

AROUND THE WORLD.....$1999
AROUND SOUTH AMERICA...$1499
MIDDLE EAST SEMINAR.....$1499
EUROPE, 3 TOURS.....$849-$1549
AROUND AFRICA $1999

Co-Educational—College Credit Optional—
For Graduates, Undergraduates, & Professional Persons
For details address:

PROF. J. R. TARBELL
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON 1, PA.

T ★ R ★ A ★ V ★ E ★ L
EUROPE—SO. AMERICA—NEAR EAST
Individuals—Groups—Tours

SCANDINAVIA ..... $995.
NEAR EAST ..... $925. (from Rome)
ANCIENT PERU..... $1285
Other tours from $895. Write for folder.
LABORDE TRAVEL SERVICE, Inc.
Sponsored by Cooperative Bureau For Teachers
1776 Bway, N.Y. 19, N.Y. CI 5-4646

OPEN ALL YEAR
Tel: IDlewood 8-6511
Stonehenge
RIDGEFIELD, CONN.
VICTOR GILBERT "SKINKER"
NOW OPEN
THE HENGE
CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS

mented each other in interesting and often unexpected ways. Not only have members of the St. John's faculty brought to the group their own skills in seminar leadership; European professors as well have served as co-leaders in the seminars and have guided the party through the ruins at Pompeii or the Cathedral at Chartres. Some members of the party even found it possible to imagine a special visitation from the Muses when discussing the "Odyssey" on a terrace overlooking the blue Mediterranean or reading the "Aeneid" on one of the hills of ancient Rome.

Age proved no barrier to discussions. The catalogue suggests that adult seminars are "for persons who have finished their formal education and are having a varied experience in working and living in society." The link of a common interest in the books has developed remarkable *esprit de corps* in a group which may include undergraduates at one end of the age scale and retired teachers or businessmen at the other. In fact, the common reading and discussion seemed to make for a cohesiveness usually missing in the conventional tour party. Many participants had had experience in adult seminars, which have had such a wide vogue in the United States over the last decade. They had joined weekly or fortnightly discussion programs sponsored by such agencies as the Great Books Foundation, the American Library Association, and the American Foundation for Political Education.

Perhaps at this point I should explain, for the sake of the uninitiated, just what a seminar is. At St. John's College a seminar usually consists of twenty students or adults and two or three tutors or professors who serve as co-leaders. One leader propounds an opening question which is designed to get the discussion started: Was Socrates right in refusing to escape from prison since this would involve disobeying the laws of the state? Was Machiavelli moral? Do you accept the idea of social contract as the basis for democracy? Is the Declaration of Independence correct in stating that "all men are created equal?"

Discussion then usually continues for over two hours as opinions are advanced and defended. The common goal of the seminar is the discovery of truth, but ready answers are usually not right ones. As the conversation proceeds each participant is forced to examine his own premises and opinions, and he must either back them up with argument or abandon them. It is withal an exhilarating experience and inevitably leads to a consideration of contemporary problems and ideas. The St. John's Euro-

SHOESTRING TOURS LTD.
presents their
1956 Summer Student Tour
visiting: England, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, & France.
June 30 — August 24
Co-ed 16-24 Rate: $1,195.00
Private Bus, 1st Class Hotels
3 Adult Directors
Write for catalogue SR
FOUR SEASONS TRAVEL SERVICE, Inc.
BANCROFT HOTEL, Worcester 1, Mass.

STUDY TRAVEL
Grand Tours to Europe & Near East
ART—THEATRE—MUSIC—FESTIVALS
WESTERN CARAVAN—U.S.A.
Escorted & Independent Tours & Cruises
FRANCE—ENGLAND—SPAIN
ITALY—SCANDINAVIA
SWITZERLAND—AUSTRIA
GREECE—TURKEY—INDIA
HOLY LAND
EXCITING SOCIAL EVENTS
8 Weeks in Europe from $885 up
Write for illustrated Booklet #21 to
TRAVEL & STUDY, INC.
681 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

HOSTEL IN EUROPE
JUNE-JULY DEPARTURES
VIA AIR & SHIP
$580 up "all expense"
write for folder A-3
AMERICAN YOUTH HOSTELS
14 W. 8th St., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

EUROPE-35 days $735
11 countries — continental travel by Pullman Motor Coach. No trains to catch, taxis to hail, connections to make. You *really* see the country! Price includes steamship fare, land travel, hotels, meals, sightseeing. First departure March 21. (With TWA crossing, 27 days, $910.) Many other tours up to 56 days, up to $1,390. Ask your travel agent or write us for folder "Europe — the Lazy Way."
PERCIVAL TOURS, Inc. Dept. SR 2
171 Madison Ave. N. Y. 16, N. Y. 3675 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

for Students, Teachers, Professionals
EUROPE—$695 up
12 COUNTRIES—52 DAYS
INCLUDES: Steamer, Hotels, Meals, Sightseeing, Transportation. Congenial groups. Fine leadership. Departures: May 3rd thru Aug. FREE booklet SE.
Columbia Tours, inc.
554 Fifth Ave., NY 36 CO 5-2600

FREE New 1956 Edition
"The ABC's of European Auto Travel"
"Is your present driving license good in Europe?" "What is a 'Carnet'?" "How do I get gas?"
The ABC's answers all your questions. Write Dept. SRF for your free copy (limited edition).
AUTO-EUROPE, INC.
25 W. 58th St., N.Y. 19 PL 3-1752

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pean seminar follows this pattern, though it is naturally not as rigorous an exercise as an undergraduate seminar.

The European seminar has had its lighter side as well. On occasion even a serious-minded book enthusiast will be guilty of a tourist's boner. I recall for example an afternoon in the catacombs. The guide had just completed his explanation and had shown all of us the bones of an early Christian now protected from souvenir hunters by a glass cover over the tomb. When questions were called for one individual embarrassed us all by asking, "And is that the original glass?" Or there was the day at Subiaco, birthplace of Western monasticism. In the courtyard was an immense black raven which was kept as a pet. Observing the bird, one member of our group commented that he could now understand why the raven impressed Poe so. In all innocence, another member of the group queried, "Who was Poeso?"

For the coming summer the St. John's Seminar-in-Europe will visit Greece for the first time, holding three seminars in Athens during the nine-day period. Books to be read and discussed are Homer's "Odyssey," Plato's "Apology" and "Crito," and Sophocles's "Oedipus at Colonus." A week in Rome will include seminars on Virgil's "Aeneid" and St. Augustine's "Confessions," followed by a similar stay in Florence where discussions will be held on Dante's "Divine Comedy" and Machiavelli's "The Prince." In Geneva one seminar is scheduled on Calvin's "Institutes of Christian Theology." Finally, Rousseau's "The Social Contract" and Proust's "Swann's Way" will be discussed in Paris, Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" in Canterbury, and two of Shakespeare's plays at Stratford.

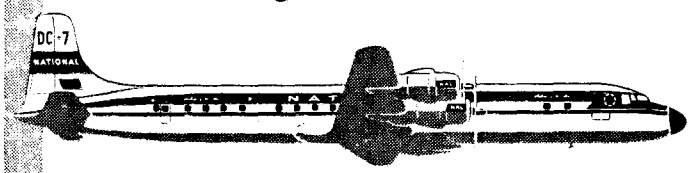
We at St. John's believe that the liberating effect of the seminar discussion is reinforced in this case by the adventure of visiting the very sources of our civilization. Though the spirit of Socrates is at home wherever in the world Plato's Dialogues are read, it is still a unique experience to view the Agora with Plato's portrait of the Great Gadfly in one's mind and so it is to see the Florentine landscape through Dante's eyes while walking along the Arno. Experiences such as these will help the tourist-student to see modern Europe against its ancient background and gain a deeper understanding of his own place in today's world.

To college students in particular a travel experience like this, which combines a measure of directed study, can go far toward the building of new understandings. Nothing is more dis-

Only **NATIONAL** offers

RADAR-SMOOTH

flights to FLORIDA!



Airborne radar enables pilots to "see" rough weather 150 miles ahead, chart the smoothest course for your comfort

DC-7B, DC-7R STAR
WORLD'S FASTEST AIRLINERS, WORLD-FAMED LUXURY

MIAMI ★ PALM BEACH
from New York, Washington
★ Also fast, modern service from Philadelphia
Call National for reservations anywhere

FLY **NATIONAL**
AIRLINE OF THE STARS

FLY to EUROPE
AND DRIVE A **VOLKSWAGEN**
BOTH FOR ONLY **$585** EACH PERSON

Our surprisingly low price is per person in party of two (less for three and four). Price includes: Round trip to Europe by regularly scheduled airline and 3 weeks' rental (2500 miles) of 1955-56 Volkswagen, car insurance, international car documents. You can have the Volkswagen for any length of time. European travel experts are glad to plan itineraries, make hotel reservations.

Write for Folder S-3
AUTOURIST MU 2-2492
489 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

TWO SPECIAL TRAVEL OPPORTUNITIES

Copenhagen, Helsinki, Leningrad, Kief, Odessa, Yalta, the Crimea, Sochi, Tiflis, Kharkov, Moscow—(23 days in the USSR) Warsaw, Vienna, Budapest. June 24-July 28.

A CRUISE OF THE GREEK ISLANDS AND THE DEDICATION OF THE RESTORED STOA OF ATTALOS AT ATHENS

Crete, Thera, Rhodes, Cos, Patmos, Delos, Myconos, Tenos, Aegina. A tour of Greece. The dedication of the Stoa. August 20-September 3.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL 13 Boyd St., Newton, Massachusetts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1956 EUROPEAN SPECIALTIES

Antique-lovers Tour May 11 to June 28. Drama & Theatre Tour July 3 to Aug. 30. European Art Tour July 6 to Sept. 9. Grand Tour July 6 to Aug. 25. North of Europe Tour June 29 to Aug. 7

Please send for itineraries.

TEMPLE TOURS
Established 1902
Conducted Tour Department of BAILEY, JAMES & GORDON, INC.
419 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

• **RUSSIA**
• **SOUTH AMERICA**
• **EUROPE**
• **AROUND THE WORLD**

11 DIFFERENT Types of Tours combining PLEASURE and STUDY
MOST TOURS CARRY COLLEGE CREDIT
$995 and up
for detailed info. write for Bulletin 20S
ASS'N FOR ACADEMIC TRAVEL ABROAD, INC.
(NON-PROFIT) 40 E. 49th St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS SUMMER TOUR TO EUROPE via *TWA*
An individualized, escorted trip with many personal contacts abroad presented by
THE PRINCETON TRAVEL BUREAU
Princeton University, ***Princeton, N.J.***
77 DAYS, 6 COUNTRIES—$1,897.
Limited to a group of 25 students—co-educational.

Guided, pre-arranged, high standard
EUROPEAN CAR TOURS
Groups of 2-7 persons, itineraries "tailor-made" according to group preference.
SCANDINAVIAN STUDENT TRAVEL SERVICE
489 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

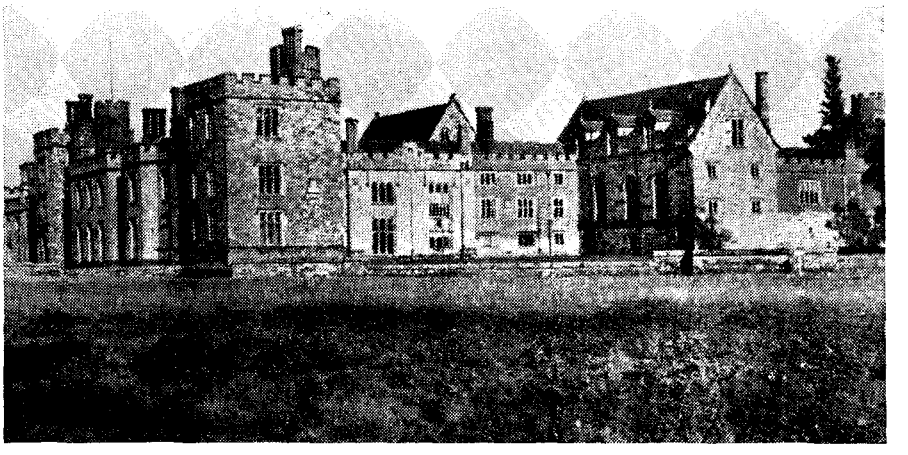
6th Summer Session—Univ. of Madrid
SPAIN only **$150** complete
Sessions: July 1-31 or August 1-31
INCLUDES: Full board & lodging; Choice of courses; Tuition fees; Certificate; College Credit; Transfers; 4 Sightseeing Tours; Bull-Fight tickets.
FREE Folder SS
EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASS'N, Inc.
554 Fifth Ave., NY 36 **CO 5-2600**

couraging than the thought of thousands of "typical American tourists" treading the well-trod paths through the Colosseum and the Louvre, craning from rubberneck busses and drawing invidious comparisons in matters of comforts and sanitary conditions.

Students who are young and vigorous have a great advantage over those of us who, in our advancing years, are rapidly becoming slaves to creature comforts. Cycling trips and overnight stays in youth hostels, work projects and exchange visits in foreign homes will build the many ties of international friendship and good will which can, in the long run, make no inconsiderable contribution toward international peace. In the last analysis it is the people, the culture, and the ideas which the tourist-student must seek to know.

In India last summer I found students and teachers eager to learn more about the United States and full of questions arising from the hostile presentation of American policies in local newspapers. In a real sense no American student and no American tourist can escape being a representative, albeit an ambassador without portfolio, as he travels about in a foreign country. If American gregariousness insulates the individual from all meaningful contact and conversation with his counterparts in Europe, he might better spend his vacation at Atlantic Beach or in the Grand Tetons. He will accomplish nothing, either for himself or for his country. Tours like the St. John's Seminar-in-Europe—and there are many agencies and universities offering such travel opportunities—are worth more than a little quiet investigation by travel-bound Americans, whether they be students or their elders.

LITERARY LANDMARKS—III



PENSHURST PLACE: The best description in poetry of the birthplace of Sir Philip Sidney was penned not by the family's own poet, but by a frequent guest, Ben Jonson: "Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show/Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row/ Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold." The Sidney family—specifically William, sixth Viscount de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., and an important official in the Ministry for Air—still owns Penshurst (unlike most of the stately homes of England, it has not been turned over to the National Trust to avoid, or at least lessen, the impact of death duties and estate taxes). And the family still, as in the time of the first Elizabeth, is of consequence. The house is widely and correctly advertised as Sir Philip Sidney's birthplace, but if the family is certain of the room in which this event occurred it is not identified for visitors and is presumably within that portion of the house to which they are not admitted. Penshurst began with a stone manor house built about 1340 by Sir John de Pulteney, a prosperous wool merchant who was four times Lord Mayor of London. The Baron's Hall—central living quarters of the house in this era—with its great timbered roof supported by ten curious carved figures, its musician's gallery, and the long eating tables for the retainers and the dais above for the master of the house remains miraculously intact. Below the Hall, down a narrow stairway, is a vaulted crypt which now serves as an armory. Here are the porcupine-crested helmet carried at Sir Philip Sidney's funeral and the great state sword of his uncle, the famous Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth I's lifetime friend. The poet Sidney died of wounds on the field at Zutphen soon after his father's death. He never saw what most visitors now regard as the showiest room at Penshurst—the Long Gallery, with its handsome collection of family portraits by Kneller, Lely, and others. But Sir Philip is still the hero of the house. —NELSON LANSDALE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Uncle Remus

Continued from page 13

today hangs a faded picture of "Uncle" George Terrell, a slave on a plantation called Turnwold near the village of Eatonton, Georgia, where Harris was born on December 9, 1848. When work was done and night enveloped the plantation young Joel would make his way down to the slave quarters to sit in the flickering firelight and listen wide-eyed to Uncle George and the other slaves spin tales that had come down to them from their fathers and grandfathers.

Joel drank in fascinating animal yarns that ran the gamut from an explanation of why Mister Possum has no hair on his tail (it was left behind in Brer B'ar's teeth when Mister Possum beat a fast retreat) to Brer Rabbit's defeat of Mister Lion by luring him to a pool and prodding him into attacking his own snarling reflection in the water. But there was more to the stories than near-violence: there was laughter, and an earthy, chuckle-provoking wisdom that was to color the character of Uncle Remus two decades later. Once when the little boy seemed overly impressed with the strength of the elephant and the ferocity of the tiger, Uncle Remus sagely pointed out that Brer Rabbit could outdo them both, for: "'Tain't de biggest en de strongest dat does de mostest in dis world. De cuckleburr got needer life ner lim', yit when it git in de sheep wool it kin travel fast ez de sheep."

In the dimly lit hall of Wren's Nest we saw the cavernous rolltop desk that once sat in the office of the *Atlanta Constitution* where Uncle Remus was born. Harris had been asked to carry on a humor feature abandoned by another writer, but he was unhappy with someone else's brainchild. His mind went back to Turnwold and the songs and stories of the slaves, whose rich accents still echoed clearly in his ears. Out of those memories he brought to life Uncle Remus.

As newspapers around the nation began to reprint the stories, Americans who had known the Southern Negro only as a broad caricature in a minstrel show discovered the poetry, imagination, and sensitivity which were blended into the humor of the genuine article. Yet when a representative of the Appleton Publishing Company journeyed from New York with an offer to put the Uncle Remus tories in a book, Harris was doubtful that they would be popular. But his colleagues on the newspaper were so enthusiastic that some months before the book appeared they circulated a prospectus among the paper's employes urging them to buy a copy of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings."

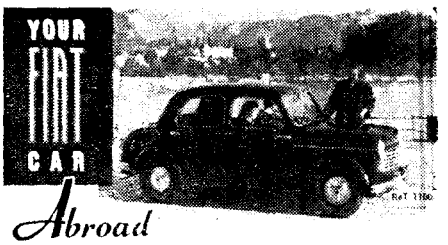
By the time the third volume of Uncle Remus was ready for publication Harris had other things he wanted to write. He came to a decision: Uncle Remus had spun his last tale; his voice would be heard no more. But he failed to reckon with the public. He was deluged with pleas to let the beloved old man go on recounting his delightful stories.

It was an appeal Harris could not ignore and the world expressed its appreciation. A steady stream of notables made their way up the long walk of Wren's Nest to pay tribute to Joel Chandler Harris: James Whitcomb Riley, Joaquin Miller, Walter Hines Page, even the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt. Andrew Carnegie, visiting in 1906, wanted to meet the man who "has given a helping hand to all the world. He's won the hearts of all children, and that's glory enough for any man."

Carnegie was right. Today, almost fifty years after Harris's death, children are still enthralled with the magic of Uncle Remus. Like the laughing youngsters around us in Wren's Nest gazing at a replica of the "brier-patch" and Brer Rabbit's descendants "lippity-clippitin'" inside its fenced enclosure, children around the world look at bobtailed bunnies and remember Uncle Remus's explanation of how Brer Rabbit lost his fine bushy tail. They recall how he met Brer Fox "amblin' along wid a big string er fish," and being "monstus fon' er minners" himself, took his old enemy's advice on how to catch some: "Go ter de creek atter sundown, en drap his tail in de water en set dar twel day-light, en den draw up a whole armful er fishes."

Brer Fox neglected to mention that the creek would freeze over-night. Brer Rabbit discovered this for himself in the morning when he tried to pull his tail from the water and left it behind in the ice—according to Uncle Remus, "dat w'at make all deze yer bobtail rabbits w'at you see hoppin' en skaddlin' thoo de woods."

Logical? It seemed so years ago when as children we read the tale on a rainy afternoon. And as we glanced out the window of Wren's Nest at the bobtailed rabbits it still made a kind of magic, enchanted sense. Suddenly we realized the charm of Uncle Remus is like that—you never outgrow him. We had journeyed back into memories of our childhood to find him—only to discover that we had never lost him at all.



SIX MODELS TO CHOOSE

from the small 600 to the de-luxe 1900

SOLD for delivery in Italy, London, Paris

REPURCHASED within 90 days at fixed rate

RENTED new and used, unlimited mileage

Travel at ease in EUROPE with FIAT extensive service organization at your disposal.

Ask your TRAVEL AGENT for advice on the best and most convenient plan to fit your next trip to Europe. The number of people in your party and the length of stay are important factors in determining whether to

BUY or RENT

FIAT S.p.A. TURIN, ITALY

U. S. Representative Office

500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

LOngacre 5-4060

EUROPE

VALUE PACKED TOURS

FROM $977-$1535

23-49 DAYS

WEEKLY DEPARTURES April 7—Sept. 29

First Class Hotels—Deluxe Motor Coaches

All Meals—Sightseeing

England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria including Vienna, all Italy, Switzerland, France. Fly Transatlantic via regular scheduled air lines or some dates available via Holland America Line.

Write for Booklet SR.

EMBASSY TOURS

1472 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

Phone OX 5-2121

EXCEPTIONAL EUROPEAN ELITE TOURS

Personalized, honestly arranged at a fair price

Magnificent itinerary

Departure: June 8, 51 days / July 20, about 6½ weeks } from **$1335**

ALL expense—ALL inclusive—NO hidden expenses

Sail on the beautiful flagship of the Holland-America Line—The Nieuw Amsterdam

PERSONALLY arranged and conducted by Dr. Sharton.

Write for details to:

DR. SHARTON'S TRANSATLANTIC TOURS

P.O. Box 499 Fulton, Mo.

AROUND THE WORLD 67 Days from **$1398**

By air from $1798. Japan & Orient from $978.

See more . . . spend less. Write for booklet 6.

Europe 60 Days from **$499**

Motor trips from $599 incl. steamer. Also college credit trips. No greater value anywhere.

Ask Your Travel Agent

"For the Young of all Ages"

SITA

545 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, Dept. S, MU 2-6544

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Auden and the Search for Values

An evaluation of the work and literary position of the winner of the latest National Book Award for poetry by the poet-critic John Ciardi, whose most recent volume of verse is "As If."

By John Ciardi

W. H. AUDEN has won two significant awards within the last two years. His poem, "The Shield of Achilles," received a special prize given by *Poetry* magazine, and the book to which it gave its title a fortnight ago received the National Book Award. Both of these recognitions are apt, and it may be they will create some special interest in Auden's poetry. Let us go even further—to the limits of supposition, in fact—and assume that these honors will lure some serious citizen who has never before offended the peace by reading poetry. There he sits with a book of "modern" (whatever that is) poetry in his hand, his serious brow furrowed: is there any starting advice that might assist such a citizen?

I am not at all sure that poetic advice can reach far enough into the mind of the prose world, but if our citizen is not too high-minded, if his mind is capable of allusiveness and variety, and if he can engage a purposeful ambiguity without taking it as a personal offense to his status as a third vice-president, a suggestion or two may be worth a try. In any case, the central achievement of Auden's talent is the same for the beginner and for the familiar reader, and the effort to identify it need not be pointless. That identification can best be made via a slight digression:

Could any two words hope to locate the particular tone of twentieth-century poetry, *refusal* and *ambivalence* would be those words. *Refusal*, because no valuable poet of the century has been able to accept the easy affirmations offered him from all sides and from his nineteenth-century poetic fathers. *Ambivalence* for many reasons, but certainly first among them because only by refusal can he affirm: his moral and intellectual position automatically leaves him with simultaneous and opposed feelings on all his central value questions.

These are, to be sure, enormous simplifications. Distrust them. But by way of observing this shift of feeling in its living complex, let the reader spend an evening with Milton's "Lycidas" or Shelley's "Adonais," and then turn to Auden's much anthologized "In Memory of W. B. Yeats." Yeats, one will note at once, is only ostensibly the subject of his elegy (which Auden significantly refused to call an elegy); its true subject is a committed refusal to elegize a man's life on the overblown scale that Milton and Shelley accepted as natural.

Such a comparison of old and new methods is necessary if one is to understand what is meant when he is told that Auden's enduring achievement is his skill in *flattening* the poem. The poetic sin, as Shakespeare implied clearly enough, is to "belie with false compare." Robert Frost says much the same thing: "Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak." Auden tries not to tell lies.

But not all honest, sensitive, and responsible men are poets. As our undoubted master of poetic resources, Auden has experimented with every device that would flat the poem into a true statement of the human position as he sees it. Meter, diction, imagery—every device of Auden's great skill (even his flippancy) is a speaking way of refusing to belie the truth with false compare.

Put it another way: every piece of writing has implicitly in it an emotional appeal; it asks us to subscribe to certain feelings about certain things. On or under the surface the "certain things" of Auden's poetry are always what the bad poets refer to as "the eternal verities." In the native motion of his genius, however, Auden implicitly warns us away from the stereotyped affirmation of the good, the true, and the beautiful. He is not against the good, the true, and the beautiful, as some foolish critics have argued. Rather, he asks us to weigh these values in mortal fear of smudging them with prettiness, and with an instinctive recognition of the fact that, being human, our feelings are subtle, various, and often conflicting. Value should be able to survive the scrutiny of Freud as well as of Tennyson.

Can such a scrutiny "affirm"? The question is silly, but I have been asked it often enough to expect it again. Let Auden provide his own answers: Is there a day of value for the living?

> Bright shines the sun on
> creatures mortal:
> Men of their neighbors become
> sensible:
> *In solitude, for company.*

How wide is a true poet's world and what may it include?

> wayside crucifixes
> Bear witness to a physical
> outrage,
> And serenades too
> Stick to bare fact:—"O my girl
> has a goitre,
> I've a hole in my shoe!"

Can a poet who deals in such terms really enrich our life-sense?

> Wishing, I thought, the least of
> men their
> Figures of splendor, their holy
> places.

The great tradition in English poetry has always sought the place of value, and Auden is in the great tradition. But one last word to the high-minded: to recoil from Auden's flippancies, or to assume that they are separable from his profundities, is utterly to misread him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Passion

***"Journey to Love," by William Carlos Williams** (Random House. 87 pp. $3), is a new volume of verse in the form invented by this veteran poet, a form that seems peculiarly American. Here it is reviewed by Richard Eberhart, whose most recent volume of verse is "Undercliff"; this year Mr. Eberhart is teaching at Princeton and giving the Christian Gauss lectures there.*

By Richard Eberhart

PERHAPS the sixty-four-dollar question to ask about the poetry of William Carlos Williams is whether there is a specific American poetic language and if so how do we define it? Is it his?

Williams writes with a taut, airy freedom in an objectifying lyric flow, and now, in "Journey to Love," in another new form he has invented. It does not look or feel like anything British. The new form is short lines in blocks of threes. He plays on these strings with grace, charm, and endless variety. It seems most American, but I would be hard put to it to define the precise qualities of Americanism. Maybe Americanism is the wrong term.

Williams has tried to break down the iambic line. His substitute is what he calls measure. Poetry, he says, is based on measure. He seems to mean something like the natural and subtly varying rhythms of the spoken voice, based on the natural rhythms of breathing.

This book has a new wide-open, airy look. Half of it is made up of wonderful short poems and half of it of a wonderful long poem "Asphodel, That Greeny Flower." This is one of the best love poems of these times.

After more than thirty books and at his present age Williams exercises his whole personality to unlock a remarkable lyrical lore of love. His love is inclusive of many things, attitudes, and feelings. It has the qualities of sincerity, knowledge, and acute perception. It is mature man speaking direct truth. Yet I do not mean that there is not a great deal of strategy in the way he makes his verses.

His wisdom is made to inhere in his racy lines, palatable to our sense because of the directness and concentration of his images. And because of the swiftness of the timing. And because of the general lack of ambiguity. And because of the rational propositions behind the airy gauze and flow of the poetical language.

You think his lines are light and easy, being read with such direct intake and pleasure, and they are light and easy; but read them over and over again and they will be seen to have a very tough and tensile strength which cannot be broken down. They have a magical virtue and are full of life. Williams has learned to say what he means with a maximum of poetical reality.

In "Asphodel" he has ripe things to say about love, about the garden, harking back perhaps inadvertently to Marvell's. "There is no power/so great as love/which is a sea,/which is a garden." "The whole world/became my garden!" "and the will becomes again/a garden." A mark of his mature wisdom is in the line "What power has love but forgiveness?"

His imagination everywhere "celebrates the light." And what could be more typical than these three lines from "Coda":

Only the imagination is real!
I have declared it
time without end.

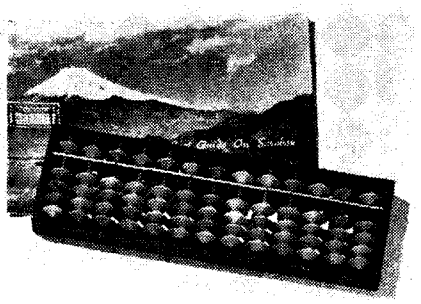
Poem

By Jesse Stuart

GIVE ME my winter land of beech and pine
Of narrow valley and the frozen stream,
Dark brooding oak, broomsedge and leafless vine,
Give me a winter land wherein to dream
In the great white silence where the air's like wine
Where long icicles hang from the ledge's seam;
Upheavled white world where the cold stars shine
And long tree shadows break the white moonbeam.

These are the higher hills that hold more snow,
Beautiful, extra, gift of God's white rain;
In soft starlight and brilliant sunlit glow
Ascends to heavens in white clouds again.
Not all of any winter can depart,
I must retain a portion in my heart.

frame pictures yourself
in only 10 seconds!
courtesy Avedon
Braquette
Like magic — YOU can frame any size art print or photo beautifully —with adjustable Braquette. Used by leading museums, artists, photographers. Change pictures daily — it's that simple! Over a million in use; foolproof. Smart, modern gift. In Clear Lucite or Stainless Steel, only $1.50
MAIL NOW! If your art or photo store can't fill requirements, order direct (postpaid) from BRAQUETTE, Inc., Lenox, Mass. Dept. SR56



Calculating's easy (and fun) with an **ABACUS**—you can add, subtract, multiply and divide by this ancient method—faster in actual competitive trials than latest U.S. calculators. For business or home use—insures accuracy. Authentic Japanese-made of beautiful native hardwood, in carrying case. 8" x 2½" x ¾". Instruction booklet included. Satis. guaranteed. No CODs. **$2.00** ppd.

Catalog of rare domestic and imported goods free on request.

TRADE FAIR
Dept. K, 801 Bridgeway, Sausalito, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mate and Master

***"Exiles and Marriages," by Donald Hall** (Viking Press. 118 pp. $3), a first volume by a poet of uncommon talent, traces its author's growing, from hereditary influences to matrimony and parenthood.*

By Daniel G. Hoffman

DONALD HALL'S first book "Exiles and Marriages" reveals his early achievement of an attractive fluency of poetic statement. His sixty-one poems range widely in subject and tone, indicating skilled technique and dedication to his craft. What unity this book displays comes from the concern, constant in the best poems, to define the mind that made them. Mr. Hall's poetry, unlike much recent verse, is frankly personal. He traces the record of his own growing, gives grave and affectionate tribute to ancestors and places that have shaped his life, and writes unabashedly of his love and marriage. As the book ends, the poet, watching his infant son, thinks again of his own childhood and its comforting or frightening illusions, to which he knows he can never return. This is the "exile indicated in the title of his book and of his Newdigate Prize poem; it is the theme he most consistently writes well of, there and in "A Child's Garden," "The Sleeping Giant," and "A Relic of the Sea."

Elsewhere, however, the diversity of his offerings exacts a price. Much of the light verse seems the arpeggios, not the cadenzi, of a young virtuoso; satire may not be the metier of this predominantly lyrical talent. What gives the best of Mr. Hall's poems their special charm is their poise and easy grace, yet these virtues are sometimes jeopardized by a stance too relaxed and a diction not consistently his own. "The beasts are real whose shapes I walk among," he writes, but the beasts are few, and those are asserted, not evoked. "Lycanthropy Revisited" is a witty exception.

In "Apology" Hall looks ahead: "There is a virtue which I must achieve . . . A singleness, whose excellence must leave / This personal mountain for a greater range." Whatever singleness Mr. Hall achieves, the considerable skills evident in this engaging book are an assurance that he will come to his "greater range" well prepared. With singleness may come more concentration and intensity. Such a poem as "Passage to Worship" may be indicative of what Mr. Hall will turn to:

> Those several times she cleaved my dark,
> Silver and homeless, I from sleep
> Rose up, and tried to touch or mark
> That storied personage with deep
> Unmotivated love. My days were full,
> My halting days were full of rage,
> Resisting in my heart the pull
> Toward reverence or pilgrimage.
> But now this blinding sheeted bird
> Or goddess stood at my bed's head,
> Demanding worship, and no word
> But honoring the steadfast dead.

Notes

CALIFORNIA WORLD: It would be easy to open **"Prefabrications,"** (Indiana University Press, $2.75), Josephine Miles's fourth book of verse at the wrong page, or in the wrong mood, and be put off altogether. Her work is terse, quirky, and often quite abstract; rarely does it have the sonority and rhythmic charm which, in some poets, can make us patient of difficulty. Yet if one sticks with these poems, it soon transpires that they are the real thing. Beyond the dry obliquities of the language, the shying-away of the half-rhymes, the condensed secretarial grammar, lies an intense, intelligent and original sensibility with certain persistent concerns. Once this is perceived, the mannerisms are largely redeemed.

I find two main subjects here. The first is human communication, and it is studied in short, penetrating poems about loneliness, animosity, understanding, and love. The second is human dignity, as conceived by a skeptical, democratic intelligence. These subjects are pursued in a milieu of super-markets, shoe-stores, highways, and beach-cabins; Miss Miles accepts the fearful jerry-built landscape of California as the real world of her poems, and finds her symbols in it. Speaking of the shabbiness of our version of dignity, she offers a desolating vision of "photos of men of distinction/ Fluttering in the low washes of the west/ In the mesquite underbrush." When she has a secular vision of the blessedness and unity of the world she sees "Shattuck Avenue and the Safeway Stores/ In Herndon's globe of friendly credit."

She does not patronize or evasively transcend this "world" of hers. If a motor-court by night becomes "the tent and citadel of the many stars," it does not cease to be a motor-court. It is remarkable how Miss Miles's learned sensibility meshes with its environment—how she can harmonize the extremes of her awareness, convincingly quoting a jazz song in a poem about Michelangelo or giving her book a title which suggests both her Latinity and flimsy Californian architecture.

Had I space enough, I would close by quoting one of her best poems. Since I have not, let me recommend especially "Bird, Find, Pride," "The Plastic Glass" and "Bibliographer." Especially "Bibliographer."

—RICHARD WILBUR.

NEW RELIGIOUS VERSE: The declared, overt religious poem is a rarity in our time except at derivative or shabbily inspirational levels, and consequently a new voice with something worth saying in this most ancient of modes challenges and excites the mind. John Logan is such a writer. The force of his work comes from the impatience with which he cuts through the usual attitudes of piety to the creating spirit beneath; its beauty, to the tact with which he invests the private impulse of this spirit with the shapes of public speech. Conviction is not enough: open your hymnal. Conviction controlled by artifice is not enough, either, although it may produce some pretty verses—does, indeed, produce the poems addressed specifically to Mother Cabrini in his new book **"Cycle for Mother Cabrini"** (Grove Press, $3.50). The rare mystical poem demands the third quality that no man can define, that is felt as conferring excellence upon what otherwise might have been merely good. Three of these pieces seem to me to have this quality: "Monologue for the Good Friday Christ," which manages to triumph over a rather petty first stanza; "Lament for Misenus"; and an extraordinarily moving "verse melodrama," "The Death of Southwell." In these is the grace of this book, and any one of them would make a book remarkable.

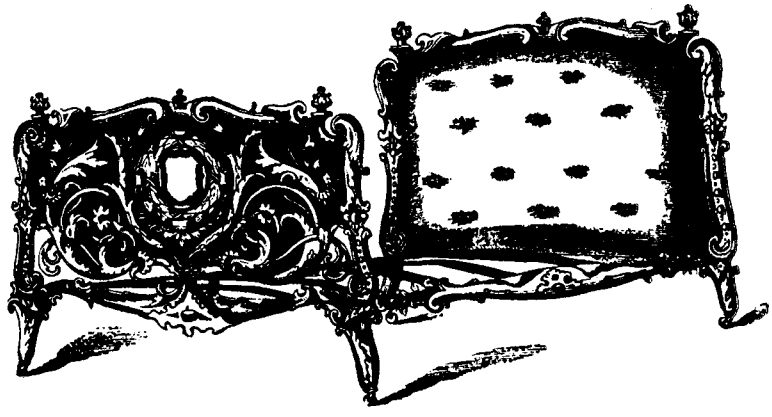
Mr. Logan's style is mannered and baroque, and in saying so I intend no dispraise. It is significant, though, that when the mannerisms become uncomfortable, they do so at points where the drive of the emotion is in itself slack, verging on the perfunctory, or—and this is frequently apparent, especially in the Cabrini poems—insisting too much upon what I take to be man-to-man common sense. It is then that the wrong kind of queerness happens, that gestures replace attitudes. It is then, too, that syntax slops—the second-person pronoun with its verb in the third—and that the movie-marquee "thru" is appallingly introduced. Such are the perils of complex and delicate artifice; they fade into nothing beside the victories that this artifice achieves in Mr. Logan's hands.

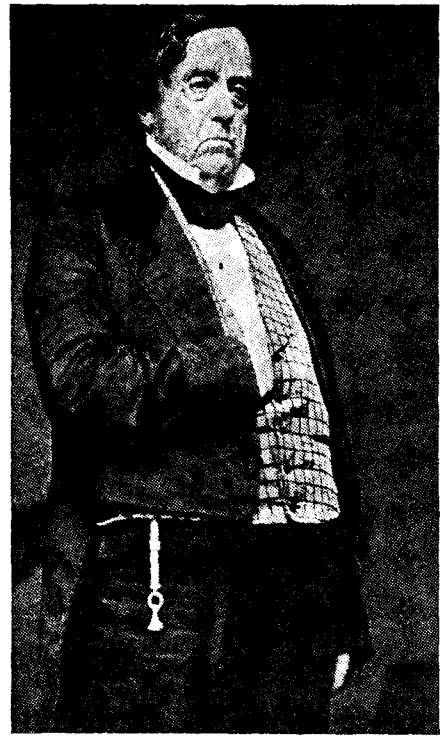
—DUDLEY FITTS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR VICTORIAN ANCESTORS' TASTES AND FANCIES

LEFT: Potts's Ornamental Gas Bracket.
BELOW: Tonkin's Ornamental Iron Bedstead.
RIGHT: General Lewis Cass, candidate for the United States Presidency in 1848.





Unreeling a Twelvemonth of Revolution

"Story of a Year: 1848," by Raymond Postgate *(Oxford University Press. 286 pp. $4.50), is a play-by-play account of what happened to the Western world during a crucial year. Professor William B. Willcox of the University of Michigan reviews it below.*

By William B. Willcox

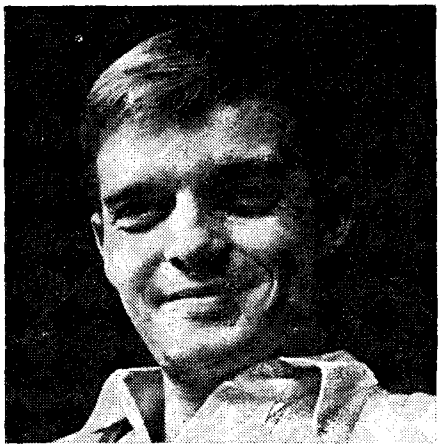
IF A YEAR is a fit subject for study, none is more fascinating than 1848, when the seemingly stable European world blew up. Even though most of the pieces were put together again by 1850, the patchwork was too weak to last, and began to crumble within a decade. The explosion of 1848 is one of the great themes of modern history, not only because it was dramatic in itself but because it left its marks—like the explosion of 1861 in the United States—on the whole century to come.

Raymond Postgate has chosen a different theme for his book "Story of a Year: 1848"; the difference, although it appears slight, is important. He sets out to describe the year, rather than the revolutions that made it notable, and deals month by month with the events that particularly impressed observers at the time. "This is not a book with a purpose," he announces at the outset; ". . . it tells the story." But a year in itself has no story, and even his skill cannot give it one. His focus shifts back and forth between France, central Europe, the British Isles, the United States, even Baffin Land, India, and the Transvaal; the Far East is the only part of the world untouched. At one moment the reader is in the middle of the cholera epidemic in the Mississippi Valley, at the next on Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition to the Arctic, and then in the South Atlantic sighting a putative plesiosaurus. He is whisked from subject to subject with consummate skill. Although he is likely to be too deeply absorbed to feel giddy, his absorption is primarily due to the artistry of his guide.

Artistry it is, of a high order. Yet it is far from the *ars celare artem;* what it conceals is not art, but episodic chaos. The chronicling of chaos can be—and in this case is—superlative entertainment. At the same time it is a kind of entertainment that should be distinguished from history. The historian must find in events (or, some would say, impose upon them) a pattern of some sort, for the simple reason that events in themselves are meaningless. The pattern is usually subjective, sometimes arbitrary, and always tentative; but a pattern there must be, unless history is in fact, as Carl Becker in a pessimistic moment suggested it might be, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

SUCH pattern as this book possesses derives from the one continuous development of the year, the revolutions in France and central Europe. Here there is a story, and it is superbly told. Mr. Postgate, as his earlier books attest, is an old hand at the study of revolutions, and he has read widely in the enormous literature of these particular ones. He is as much at home in the social and political world of the mid-nineteenth century as of the mid-twentieth, and has the ease and freshness of style that make knowledge palatable. His treatment suffers, nevertheless, from the artificial time limit that he has imposed on himself: he can give only cursory attention to the ground swell of revolt before January of 1848, and none to the grim events of the next year that were the climax of the central European revolutions. The result is like a single instalment in the middle of a continued story. What there is is enthralling, as hard to lay down as "The Verdict of Twelve." But there is no verdict. The reader is left on the steps of a London club, waiting for the bells to ring in the New Year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TRUMAN CAPOTE: "I'm about as tall as a shotgun—and just as noisy. . . . Do you want to know the real reason why I push my hair down on my forehead? Because I have two cowlicks. If I didn't push my hair forward it would make me look as though I had two feathery horns."

DYLAN THOMAS: "I suddenly have the death wish, which is what I started with.... Poetry," Mr. Thomas summed up, avoiding what might have sounded theatrical, "poetry. I like to think of it as statements made on the way to the grave."

Literary Talk

"The Writer Observed," by Harvey Breit *(World. 284 pp. $3.75), is a collection of interviews with leading American and English authors.*

By Robert Halsband

SINCE 1948, when Harvey Breit interviewed T. S. Eliot on the occasion of the poet's winning the Nobel Prize, *The New York Times Book Review* has run a series of interviews with well known writers who are in the news, usually because of the publication of their new books. Mr. Breit has now collected fifty-nine of his pieces into a volume called "The Writer Observed." His title, to be strictly accurate, should read, "The Writer Observed, Interrogated, and Heard." His subjects comprise a "Who's Who" of modern American and British writers, or at least of the many who have passed through New York and agreed to be observed in print.

In his long introduction to the collection, Mr. Breit tells of his indecision as to whether his pieces were worth republication. To this reviewer the answer is a hearty affirmative, for it will allow him to empty his own files of a few dozen yellowed strips of newspaper and instead to keep this book on his shelf. And Mr. Breit need not have worried (in his introduction) whether these *causeries* are literature or mere journalism; they may have been produced on assignment to meet a weekly deadline, but they themselves are far from being ephemeral.

Although these miniature profiles do not follow any stereotyped formula, all of them tell something of their sitters' personalities, literary ideas, and most recent books. Sometimes a writer's appearance is neatly ticked off: Robert Sherwood as "an elongated jack-knife of a man"; or E. M. Forster "like a spare, intelligent, ruffled heron." Sometimes a delightful *mot* is thrown off, as when he calls Helen MacInnes and Gilbert Highet the Lunts of Literature. Most of his interviews are enormously perceptive. His two with Dylan Thomas, for example, clearly and affectionately imply the tragedy which is documented at length in the recent "Dylan Thomas in America." Sometimes his interviews are humorous. Truman Capote explains why he wears his hair plastered down over his forehead. Or Robert Nathan, after saying "I'm about as whimsical as a scorpion," complains that literature is in a bad way because critics admire only the unpleasant, the beastly, the dirty, and the sordid, and then concludes, "Just call me Queen Victoria."

Whether or not he admired them, Mr. Breit has the Boswellian gift of goading his sitters and then recording their responses with an informed individuality that surely owes more to his art than to his shorthand.

If we miss a few important writers among his subjects—Mann, Auden, Wallace Stevens, Steinbeck, for example—that may be blamed on the exigencies of the newspaper's assignments or the writer's modesty. But we can blame him for some of his own stylistic affectations: his obsession with Hemingway, his self-conscious metaphors from baseball and boxing, and tags of quotations from Eng. Lit. and T. S. Eliot. This is only a negligible blemish, however, when weighed against the abundant vigor and interest of his pieces.

ROBERT NATHAN: "People think me wishy-washy, a gentle and sentimental writer.... In literature the critics admire only the unpleasant, the beastly, the dirty, the sordid. They don't like anything that isn't violent. . . . Just call me Queen Victoria."

E. M. FORSTER: "Do you know Willard Motley [the author of 'Knock on Any Door']?" Mr. Forster asked. "Is it true that he's a Negro? How incredible! How very nice! I think it's rather fine that there's no inkling of it in [his] book."

R. E. SHERWOOD: ". . . Gunther informed me that . . . he could [have spent] four years on Rhode Island alone [in 'Inside U.S.A.']. . . . I kept saying to myself [while writing 'Roosevelt and Hopkins']: Get out of Rhode Island."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes

WRITER'S TRAVELOGUE: Lately it has almost seemed that whenever an author took his family abroad an inevitable result was that one member of the family—father, mother, child even—would end writing a book about the trip. This book would tell only the cute things: gay and amusing details of departure, odd customs of countries, bright antics of the kids, all recounted with verve and winsome spirit. So it is a relief to report that novelist Jay Williams, finding himself in a position to take his wife and two children to Majorca, has written straightforwardly of it in **"A Change of Climate,"** (Random House, $3.50). Which is not to say Mr. Williams tries to be profound—far from it. But he looks on the journey as a satisfying rather than a potentially hilarious experience. In Wales, he hunts up Gwyn Thomas and the two walk and talk over hill and vale.

Through Paris, Carcassonne, Narbonne, and Marseilles (which city is now pinball-machine mad), he is accompanied by his nine-year-old son, who in all-too-real-life fashion finds travel boring. In Majorca, he is joined by Mrs. Williams and the other child. He also meets Robert Graves, "a tall, bearish man wearing loose cotton pants, a wide-brimmed straw hat, and rope-soled shoes. He had a square, humorous face with prominent cheekbones and heavy lidded eyes puckered up against the sun." All of which adds up to an unpretentious, aimless book, but a reminder that travel can be rewarding. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

WRITER'S SCRAPBOOK: Thinking back some twenty years, it seems to us that writer J. P. McEvoy once had a lively talent for delineating Broadway and Hollywood. In "Hollywood Girl," "Denny" and "The Dumb Cluck," and other such, he was an almost-Runyon, using broader strokes that the master, trying for the laugh rather than the chuckle. But he had his place and it was an all-right one. Years have rolled by, over which Mr. McEvoy has been writing mainly for the most successful digest magazine of them all. As a result, instead of broad strokes he now searches for the heart throb, the nugget of philosophy imbedded in a fading woman, the lesson to be learned from somebody's mother. In **"Charlie Would Have Loved This"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.75), he reprints some of his pieces from *The Reader's Digest*, and from *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Woman's Day*, and others. Possibly readers who enjoyed them first in these mediums will want to buy the book; possibly not, they're that ephemeral. —A. C.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A POETICAL TOUR OF AMERICAN CITIES

Ten poets look at ten American cities in the quotations given below. Kindly identify the poets (and the poems, too, if you choose). Five or fewer correct answers leaves you without the gates, six to eight gets you inside, nine or ten makes you an honorary freeman. Answers on page 54.

1. Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
   With restless violent hands and casual tongue,
   Molding her mighty fates.
2. Avenge the patriotic gore
   That flecked the streets of Baltimore.
3. To get betimes in Boston town, I rose this morning early;
   Here's a good place at the corner—I must stand and see the show.
4. Within the Jersey City shed
   The engine coughs and shakes its head.
5. Once, in the city of Kalamazoo,
   The gods went walking, two and two.
6. A city in flags for a city in flames,
   Richmond goes Babylon's way.
7. It is gone, gone, gone with lost Atlantis,
   (Never say I didn't give you warning.)
   In Seventeen Ninety-three 'twas there for all to see,
   But it's not in Philadelphia this morning.
8. So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way
   To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay.
9. Riding from Topeka, Kansas, to Manhattan, Kansas,
   Marco saw and heard three mockingbirds.
10. He weren't no saint—them engineers
    Is all pretty much alike,—
    One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
    And another one here, in Pike.

Fiction

Continued from page 17

for heresy one dubious clue leads to the next; in the clash of power with principle one question precipitates another. A final question concerns the tactics of group protest and social reform. For the defenders of justice it is not enough to be right-minded. While resisting its natural enemies their cause can be ruined by sensation-hunting newspapers and wrecked by supporters who come to it for wrong reasons. If harmless as doves, they must be wise as serpents.

This grim novel ends on a note of resolution. Milo Burney, disillusioned but not done fighting, sees that if all honorable men would stand together for justice, the bigots would "wind up as a small ring of men aiming their guns at every decent human being in the world." Their guns would be useless then.

Notes

IN BRIEF: "The Chase" (Rinehart, $3.75) and **"Harrison, Texas"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95) are both by the top-drawer TV-writer Harrison Foote, the first a novel, the second a collection of television plays. The locales of both are a Texas town that could very well be Mr. Foote's birthplace, Wharton, Texas. "The Chase," which reveals Mr. Foote as a novelist of real power, is an account of the terror Bubber Reeves strikes in the hearts of the citizens of his hometown when he escapes from a nearby penitentiary. It is far more than a thriller (although it deserves a blue ribbon in that class); it is also a story of depth, fundamentally a tale of redemption and judgment. The discipline Mr. Foote has acquired through his television-writing enables him to etch his characters and his scenes starkly and effectively. The eight television plays in the second volume were all written and produced between January 1953 and March 1954. "The Trip to Bountiful" is perhaps the best known. Mr. Foote writes that all the scripts "share, besides the same locale, one of two common themes, an acceptance of life or a preparation for death." He might have added that all have a note of controlled rebellion that lends versimilitude to "acceptance . . . or preparation." Television is in redemptive hands as long as it can work with art like this. . . . **"The Very Young Mrs. Poe,"** by Cothburn O'Neal (Crown, $3.50), treats the marriage of Edgar Allan Poe and his Annabel Lee as a psychic union so sensitive that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NBA WINNERS: *The 1956 National Book Awards, announced on February 7, went to the following books:*

Fiction: "Ten North Frederick," by John O'Hara (Random House).

Non-Fiction: "An American in Italy," by Herbert Kubly (Simon & Schuster).

Poetry: "The Shield of Achilles," by W. H. Auden (Random House).

child-wife's ailments set up counterpart symptoms in the husband. For Mr. O'Neal the Poes' life together was an elegiac realm of the spirit; but it had plenty of action, too, as the couple moved through Baltimore, Richmond, New York, Philadelphia, and the macabre genius turned out his masterpieces. This novelized biography may sometimes be at variance with scholars' interpretations, but it has the ring of truth. . . . **"The Kiss of Kin,"** by Mary Lee Settle (Harper, $3), employs a familiar situation—a Southern clan gathers at the old homestead to bury its matriarch and divide the spoils—but to good advantage. The ill-assorted Passmores are a fascinating collection of individuals and Miss Settle sketches them to the life. Their story makes one feel the embarrassing discomfort of an outsider who has been unwilling witness to a family "scene." Miss Settle's writing is quick and deft. Sometimes she touches only the surface of events and not all her characters are equally palpable; but taken as a unit, this second novel is a fine achievement. . . . **"The Golden Calf,"** by Louis Vaczek (William Sloane, $3.75), is the story of an ex-G.I. turned polite (and immensely successful) black-marketeer in postwar Paris. Neal is plagued by a gallery of troubled people who drive themselves frantic trying to discover the source of his enigmatic potency over life—and them. Mr. Vaczek has done a notable job of supplying something for every taste, switching from Dostoyevskian soul-searching to Alfred Hitchcockian spy-searching, and managing to unify the whole into an exciting narrative.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. William Vaughn Moody: "An Ode in Time of Hesitation." 2. James Ryder Randall: "My Maryland." 3. Walt Whitman: "A Boston Ballad." 4. Joyce Kilmer: "The Twelve Forty-Five." 5. Vachel Lindsay: "Kalamazoo." 6. Herman Melville: "The Fall of Richmond." 7. Rudyard Kipling: "Philadelphia." 8. John Greenleaf Whittier: "The Crisis." 9. Carl Sandburg: "Mockers Go to Kansas in Spring." 10. John Hay: "Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle."

Books for Young People

—From "Complete Tales of Uncle Remus."

THOUGH children enjoy the books written especially for them, they have a wonderful way of taking unto themselves, at times, books not designed for them at all. The most recent example of this is J. R. R. Tolkien's "The Lords of the Ring" (Houghton Mifflin), the three volumes of which were reviewed in *Saturday Review* for January 28. This trilogy follows "The Hobbit" (Houghton Mifflin), but which, unlike it, was not intended for children and is not truly a sequel to it. Children may miss some of the allegory, but the imaginative characters and perilous adventures are certain to enthrall them. The books are good for family reading together.

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, Storytelling Specialist, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Leone Garvey, Supervisor, Work With Boys and Girls, Berkeley, California, Public Library; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, Children's Literature Specialist, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; and Eulalie Steinmetz Ross, Director, Work with Children, The Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County.

—Frances Lander Spain, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

COMPLETE TALES OF UNCLE REMUS. *By Joel Chandler Harris. Compiled by Richard Chase. Illustrations by Arthur Burdette Frost, Frederick Stuart Church, J. M. Condé, Edward Windsor Kemble, and William Holbrook Beard. Houghton Mifflin.* $5. At last we have all of the Uncle Remus tales in one collection. It would be superfluous to describe or characterize these stories since Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit must be familiar to every American household. Richard Chase has edited this collection and has left the stories and illustrations unchanged. His occasional footnotes and word definitions are included to interpret the dialect or to explain a story.

Such a volume as this is necessarily for the storyteller. The dialect is extremely difficult for children to read and the inclusion of some of the plantation stories would seem to make this book unsuitable for them. Children should be given "The Favorite Uncle Remus" (Houghton Mifflin) and "Brer Rabbit" (Harper), and this volume should be included in every storyteller's collection and in every collection of folk source material. These stories are as American as the stars and stripes, even though they have some of their origins in Africa, and the storyteller should make every effort to keep Brer Rabbit and his worthy cohorts alive. This book belongs on the folklorist's shelf beside Pantheon's complete edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

—Augusta Baker.

BIG LITTLE ISLAND. *Written and illustrated by Valenti Angelo. Viking Press.* $2.75. The pattern of family life in New York today, colored and shaped by Italian warmth and vivacity, is the background for this moving story of an Indian war orphan's struggle to find himself amid the noise and confusion and alien beauty of Manhattan's skyscrapers. Valenti Angelo writes of the boy's spiritual loneliness with sympathy and understanding and gives it true perspective, for the boy and the reader, with exuberant descriptions of family celebrations, mouth-watering meals, and tempestuous island excursions. A sensitive story, this, but one that has its full share of zest and gaiety.

The illustrations for the lining papers and the chapter headings are familiar New York scenes which should add to the book's appeal—as a story and as a fictionized introduction to the wonders of New York City. —Eulalie Steinmetz Ross.

THE LITTLEST MOUSE. *By Dorothy P. Lathrop. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan.* $1.75. A rare feeling for nature and small, wild creatures is wonderfully expressed in this little story of a field mouse that never grew to full size. He is, however, stout-hearted and his courage and cleverness enable him to escape the dangers that beset his kind. In his search for a home we are given the delightful opportunity of seeing his world as a mouse sees it; we are breathless over his narrow escapes and enchanted with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the home he finally selects. The charm of this small tale for small folk is greatly enhanced by the beauty and tenderness of the illustrations.

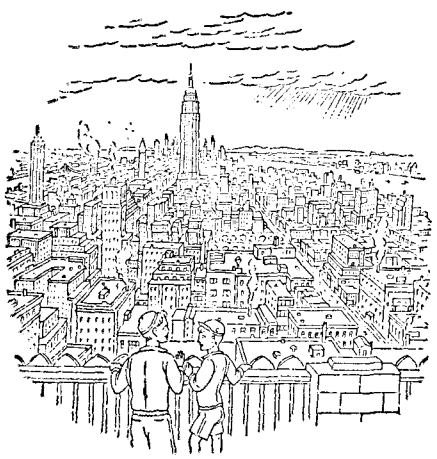
—LEONE GARVEY.

PANCHITO. *By Loren D. Good. Illustrated by Nicolas. Coward-McCann.* $2.75. This is the odyssey of a parrot, a veritable braggadocio of a parrot: vain, self-important, and fiercely proud—in spite of his single eye. Yet, as he travels the dusty road from city captivity to ranch freedom dealing competently with bulls, bandits, runaway boys, avenging spirits, and lady parrots, he is also a bold and fearless parrot whose spirit of bristling courage commands respect—and amusement.

Mr. Good's first story for children is a gay one, full of action for the younger reader, and illustrated with line drawings by Nicolas that match the tale's *joie de vivre* perfectly.

—E. S. R.

THE WICKED ENCHANTMENT. *By Margot Benary-Isbert. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. In this departure into the realm of fantasy Margot Benary-Isbert writes with the same gifted pen that made



—From "Big Little Island."

"The Ark" and "Rowan Farm" outstanding. Moreover, she has created within the imaginative framework of her story characters of very real dimensions and incidents with comical as well as mystical overtones.

The setting of the story is an old cathedral town in Germany; the time, today; the heroine, a sturdy eleven-year-old who deals with magic in a forthright and no-nonsense-about-it air that is refreshing. The plot is an intricate one but all the threads are tied to the disappearance of two statues from the town cathedral—a foolish virgin and a grinning gargoyle.

"The Wicked Enchantment" is as satisfactory a reading experience as one could wish for a child—for its story, its characters, its suspenseful plot, and its general atmosphere of positive action. The translation is easy and colloquial and the black-and-white line drawings are as fantastic and alive and comical as the text.

—E. S. R.

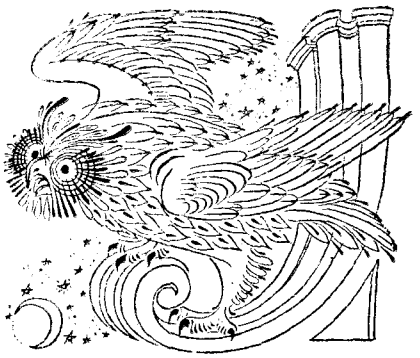
MARY FLORENCE. *The Story of a Little Girl Who Knew Abraham Lincoln. By Kathleen Tiffany. Illustrated by Victor Dowling. Dodd, Mead.* $2.75. The Battle of Gettysburg was being fought near the farm where Mary Florence lived, yet her life was not greatly affected by the war. Sometimes raiders came to the farm and once a Confederate soldier, ragged and hungry, slept in the barn. Mostly, her story is full of the kind of details children like—games and chores and childish mishaps, a family reunion, an overnight stay in a hotel, a trip to hear the President speak. The characters and the incidents are convincing. The author knew the real Mary Florence. For girls, aged eight to twelve.

—AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

SEVEN GRANDMOTHERS. *By Reba Paeff Mirsky. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Follett.* $2.95. The real theme of this story is the conflict between the old tribal superstitions and the new, modern way of life. Nomusa, the main character in the author's "Thirty-one Brothers and Sisters," must make the important decision of whether to become an *inyanga* (witch doctor) or trained nurse. There are warm family relationships in this story and many details of Zulu life. Eight- to twelve-year-old girls will enjoy this interesting story, told by an author who has lived among the people. The artist has given the book attractive, brown-and-white drawings.

—A. B.

RIDE WITH THE SUN: Folk Tales and Stories from All Countries of the United Nations. *Edited by Harold Courlander for the United Nations Women's Guild. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House.* $3.50. Each delegation of the sixty countries which last year made up the United Nations has chosen a story representative of its country. These stories have been grouped under broad regions of the world, such as Asia, Europe, the Americas, etc. Harold Courlander has done an excellent job of arranging and editing such a variety of familiar and unfamiliar material. The notes about the stories will be very interesting to the folklorist and they further attest to the authenticity of these versions. Roger Duvoisin's illustrations are in complete harmony with the text. The United Nations Women's Guild will receive the royalties of this book, which will enable them to contribute more to their work with the world's needy children.



—From "The Wicked Enchantment."

—A. B.

THE LITTLE COW AND THE TURTLE. *By Meindert DeJong. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper.* $2.50. Meindert DeJong's storytelling skill as demonstrated clearly in last year's Newbery Award book, "The Wheel on the School," is further established in this compassionate story which has both the qualities of a pastorale and an epic. The friendly, white-faced cow who brings harmony and good-will wherever her curiosity leads her is the gentle heroine of the rustic tale. The snapping turtle, traveling overland with singular intentness to life-giving water, has true heroic stature. When cow and turtle meet the idyll and the epic move to a climax as suspenseful and as satisfying as has appeared in a children's book in many a long day.

The writing of "The Little Cow and the Turtle" has a rhythm and a beauty of word and phrase that should make it a joy to read aloud in a family group, a classroom unit, or a library story hour with the "middle-age" listeners savoring its grace and flow for themselves afterward.

Maurice Sendak's pictures in soft grays and white show a remarkable sensitivity to the mood and quality of the story.

—E. S. R.

HURRICANES AND TWISTERS. *By Robert Irving. Illustrated by Ruth Adler and with photographs. Knopf.* $2.50. Using the day-by-day development of Hazel, one of the most destructive hurricanes of 1954, Mr. Irving describes how hurricanes begin, grow, reach their climax, and die. He tells interesting stories connected with other hurricanes, how storms are named, who hurricane hunters are and how they work, the differences between hurricanes and tornadoes, how the U.S. Weather Bureau forecasts storm warnings, and suggests possibilities of some future control of the weather. Charts, diagrams, maps and photographs support the simple, clear text. The Bufort scale of wind force and an index add to the book's usefulness.

—F. L. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Knowledge

Continued from page 12

curiosities. Science is continually being re-edited, not in the old versions, but in new texts, and more suited to our times. If some scientists seem flippant, we must still judge them by their own standards. And their humor, when it does arise, does no harm, but enlivens and often proves a point.

The popular works of which I speak touch upon science in general and upon virtually every science in particular. They range from Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters" to the Simpson work on pre-history. To name but a few, in biology, "Sex and the Nature of Things," N. J. Berill; oceanography, "The Sea around Us," Rachel Carson; entomology, "Ways of the Ant," John Crompton; zoology, "The Natural History of Mammals," François Bourlière; forestry, "The Triumph of a Tree," John Stewart Collis; meteorology, "Sun, Sea and Sky," Irving P. Krick and Roscoe Fleming; aeronautics, "Wings—Insects—Birds—Men," Blanche Stillson; geographical exploration, "Conquest by Man," Paul Heermann; archaeology, "Gods, Graves and Scholars," C. W. Ceram; botany, "Plants, Life and Men," Edgar Anderson; this is only a small sampling of what is in store for the curious reader.

These books make available to the public some of Huxley's "nine-tenths," and in addition to responding to a need they may also stimulate interest in natural science. Man today has greater leisure, and hence greater opportunities to look about him. If his is an urban world, nature still breaks in, if only in respect to weather. If the reader lives in the country, these books will answer questions raised by some sight or sound or smell.

In this country, we no longer live in the age of the passenger pigeons in their teeming millions nor of the buffalo herds in their lordly thousands, nor can we roam through the endless forests and swamps. But something has remained of these wonders, if only in man's records of these things. It is pleasant to know that we cannot only read to learn what is about us, but also to learn how it came to be and of the countless beings that passed through before us. The books mentioned above, and many others, make knowledge not only easy, also agreeable. These popular works of science do not debase the coin of science. Rather they make it common currency for all.

Their authors might be called the poets of science.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

BOOKS

NEW PENGUINS-PELICANS for February include: History of the United States by R. B. Nye and J. E. Morpurgo, two volumes, 85¢ each; Penguin Part Song Book selected by Leslie Woodgate, 95¢; Book of Mediterranean Food by Elizabeth David, 65¢; Reunion in Florida by Tod Claymore, 65¢; Department of Dead Ends by Roy Vickers, 65¢; Art and Architecture of China by Laurence Sickman and Alexander Soper, $8.50. Complete list from Penguin Books, 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md.

BARNES & NOBLE has over a million books in stock . . . used and new, current and out-of-print. Free search service. Catalogues issued. Name your interest. Libraries and book collections purchased. Books . . . our only business since 1874. BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave., NYC 3, Dept. SR.

ZERO, No. 7, edited by Themistocles Hoetis. Contributors—I. COMPTON-BURNETT, PAUL BOWLES, WALLACE STEVENS, GORE VIDAL, etc., $1 at bookstands or Zero Press, 235 East 60 St., NYC 21.

BOOKS OF SEA AND SHIPS, Caravan, 170-16 84th Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book, we may have it. MENDOZA's, 15 Ann St., NYC 38, Oldest old book shop in NYC

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, Free. New York Labor News Co., Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., New York 38, N. Y.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

"EXCLUSIVE TRAITS OF CHRISTIANITY," 25¢. Christian Evidence League, Malverne, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WORLD SELLING, buying half-century—rare books. Fine sets. Free Service. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minn.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS at lowest prices! Try us. (No obligation.) INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-F, Beverly Hills, Calif.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOK SHOP, Temple, N. H. Books on anything and everything. Try our search service for that certain book.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! CHICAGO BOOKMART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

DELLA MONTGOMERY, 720 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 911, Chicago 11, Ill. WILL FIND THE OUT-OF PRINT BOOK YOU WANT.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING? Uniquely personal services: style-improving, ghostwriting, criticism, marketing. Top standard typing, research. Recommended leading authors, publishers. SARA CLYNE, Box X-905.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 32 West 42 St., NYC 36.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, novels, articles, stories, plays. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

RESEARCH. Western, Californiana. Bancroft, other libraries. Hurley, 2480 Virginia St., Berkeley, Calif.

LITERARY AGENT will accept books, stories and articles for marketing. New writers invited. JOHN HINSHAW, 15 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. Daniel Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of Manuscripts—Theses, books, plays. GHOSTWRITING speeches, thesis guidance, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

AUTHORS' SERVICE: ghost-writing, revising, editing, typing, reasonable. LITERARY AID BUREAU, 20 East 100 St., NYC, TRafalgar 6-2294.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

MAPS & ATLASES

TRAVEL, DECORATIVE, ANTIQUE and general maps. Hand-colored reproductions of old maps. Request catalogue. The Map & Book Store, Dept. SR, Westport, Conn.

ART

LOUVRE, NATIONAL GALLERY, METROPOLITAN, DETROIT INSTITUTE. WORLD MASTERPIECES & GREAT ART NUDES 2" x 2" Gorgeous Color Slides, 25¢ each. Send $1 for 4 samples & catalogues. ARTCO SLIDES, Box 46123SR, Hollywood 46, Calif.

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering). $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods. Free catalogue. R85, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

CHADWICK RECORD CLUB offers huge savings on all brands of long playing records and accessories. Write for information and free catalogue. CHADWICK RECORD CORPORATION, 1123 Broadway New York 10, N. Y.

TAPE RECORDERS, TAPES. Free Wholesale Catalogue. Towers, Box 155, Philadelphia 5.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

NEW 16MM RELEASES INCLUDE: PICKWICK PAPERS, LOST BOUNDARIES. Largest International Selection 16mm Feature Films: Britain, France, Germany, Italy, USSR, China, etc. Free List "SR," Brandon Films, 200 West 57 St., NYC 19.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

HOBBIES

POST CARD COLLECTING! Fascinating international exchange hobby. Learn all in COLLECTORS, lavishly illustrated monthly. $2 year. P.O. Box 432R, Glendale, Calif.

PERSONALS

23rd WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains. July 23-August 10. Workshop leaders: Philip Wylie, May Sarton, Walter S. Campbell, Warren Beck, Phyllis Whitney, Harry Muheim. Write Don Saunders, University of Colorado, Boulder.

BRIGHT ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN seeks interesting part time employment, New York or Westchester. Box Y-134.

RUN A Spare-Time Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our new 1956 All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn up to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 68, Ferndale, Michigan.

WELL TRAVELED, educated young woman, experienced international, research, editorial, seeks position 2-3 days weekly. Box Y-140.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE, Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

DON'T THREE EXPERIENCED LIBRARIANS want to work at Public Library, Knoxville, Tennessee, Gateway to Great Smoky Mountains, heart of TVA Lake Region? Open: Head, Readers' Service, Branch Librarian, Cataloger. Address Librarian.

THE NEW LOOK in Greeting Cards for all occasions. Birthday, Get-Well, Anniversary, Congratulations, Sympathy and others. Big Box Assortment of tall, slim modern greetings. Send only $1 to Easy Chair, 141A Hancock St., Everett, Mass.

AMIABLE, enthusiastic male Californian, 23, desires summer employment abroad. Box Y-141.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

MALE SECRETARY, 29, skilled, efficient, patient, 10 years experience in retail books, seeks interesting permanent position NYC. Box Y-142.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED: Harpsichord, two manual, preferably Challis or Hubbard and Dowd. Box Y-151.

TRAVELING BRITISH THEATRE WORKSHOP. Leader: Louise Soelberg, Antioch Area Theatre. July 23-September 3. ARTS ABROAD, Corona Building, Kenton, Ohio.

COLLEGE STUDENT, knowledge Europe, will drive-guide party. Remuneration expected. References. Box Y-150.

RESEARCH—fast reader, intelligent reports. Translating. Box Y-149.

PERSONALS

AT LAST! A king's exercise on a secretary's budget. Learn to FENCE. Absolute beginners—advanced. EQUIPMENT PROVIDED. LOW FEES. MASQUE Fencing School, JUdson 6-7947 (NYC).

NANCY and ANDRE SURMAIN, world travelers and connoisseurs of fine foods and wines, cordially invite you to another GOURMETS' HOLIDAY in FRANCE. 27 leisurely days. Leaving Paris July 10. Limited to 12 members. $1395 per person. Call or write GOURMETS' HOLIDAY IN FRANCE, 249 East 50 St., NYC 22, PLaza 5-3136.

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES!" Excellent professional, technical, teaching, clerical positions Europe, Asia, S. America, Africa. Detailed information on 200 job classifications; over 100 firms, government agencies now hiring. (Male, Female.) Only $1. Money back guarantee. OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 215, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

SIGNED MODERN PAINTING BY SANFORD, size 9 x 12, $2 pp. Sanford, 216 Paul Street, Las Vegas, Nevada.

DYNASCOPE—Sensational New Reflector Telescope. Send for details. Criterion Co., Dept. SR7, Hartford, Conn.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

WANTED: Summer job by teacher. Companion—expenses paid to England. Refined, sunny person preferred. Box Y-139.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

MATURE R.N., desires position as Girl Friday to elderly person. No cooking. Box Y-136.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS. French conversation—minimum grammar, taught in French atmosphere. Groups, private. BUtterfield 8-0881 (NYC).

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You Can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME wearing, selling famous rare jewelry—ladies, men. Box W-746.

SONGWRITERS! Music composed, arranged, printed, recorded. ALL WORK GUARANTEED. Information FREE. Five Star Music Masters, 313 Beacon Building, Boston, Mass.

THREE PLAYWRITING AWARDS. Deadline February 25th. For entrance blanks address Dramatists' Alliance, Stanford, Calif.

SECRETARY, lady's companion or nurse-maid, Canadian girl, capable, experienced and conscientious, wants to travel, willing worker. Destination—Europe and Israel. Have traveled Europe previously. Box Y-148.

FRENCH. Speak fluently, highly educated Parisienne. Quick, practical methods. LExington 2-8893. (NYC).

CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATIONS of individuals, business, associations. Anywhere, anytime. Reasonable fees. What's your problem? DANFORTH INVESTIGATION BUREAU, 545 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-7287.

INDEFATIGABLE YOUNG CHICAGO BOOK PUBLISHER on brink of success offers partnership for immediate capital, preferably to unencumbered editor of romance novels. Write Box Y-147.

FOR RENT: Several high class apartments, furnished and unfurnished, in TRYON, N.C., famous Thermal Belt with even temperatures. Hunt Club, horse show, golf, swimming, excellent library. Olympic Equestrian team now in training. Large group happy retired professional, business and service officers. 25 miles from Donaldson AFB Greenville, 40 from Asheville. HESTER-RICHARDSON AGENCY, TRYON, N.C.

WRITERS OF LIGHT ROMANCE contact Baillytown Books for assignments. Write Box Y-146.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CHAPEL HILL and the University of North Carolina 15 minutes drive from our widely known, unfailingly admired, seven room, antebellum home. All modern conveniences. 85 acres land. Or equally attractive barn-converted 4 room house. 3 or 9 acres. John Kenfield, Chapel Hill, N. C.

For Rent

HILLTOP HOUSE, magnificent view, 3 acres, fireplace, 1½ baths, radiant heating, 40 miles North New York City. February through May. Reasonable. TRafalgar 9-7500 (NYC), Mr. Sharf. Box X-995.

TRAVEL

EUROPEAN ECONOMY TOURS. "Grand," July 12-Sept. 25; steamship passage; seventeen countries: $1,095. Atlantic airborne programs: "Central," June 20-July 28; eleven countries: $1,042. "Standard," July 1-Aug. 15; fourteen countries: $1,166; Italy, Scandinavia on all itineraries. Included: Trans-Atlantic passage, luxury coaches, hotels, meals, sightseeing, entertainment, tips. MIDWEST Tours, % St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn.

DRIVE THRO' BRITAIN for your next vacation. See all the sights in a new rented Ford, Morris or Jaguar car from only $16.80 a week and 10¢ a mile. Gas and oil free. Write for free issue of "Dine and Drive Through Britain" and plan your itinerary. The Victor Britain Rent-A-Car System, 12a Berkeley St., London W1. Cables: Autobritn, London, England.

WILDERNESS TRAIL TRIPS, hiking and riding. HAVASU CANYON, "Gem of the Grand Canyon"—3 and 6 days, March into May, from $50. JOHN MUIR TRAIL, California Sierra Nevada, July into September, from $8 per day. Write WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, Box 45, Berkeley 1, Calif.

65 DAY BOAT TRIP to Europe, Scandinavia and Berlin included, leaving June 12. All inclusive rate $1150. Box Y-127.

EUROPEAN TOUR, MUSIC FESTIVALS (Art, Architecture). July, August; $1008, all inclusive. Leader: Emil Kahn, international symphonic conductor. Inquire immediately: Field Studies Office, State Teachers College, Montclair, N. J.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

BERMUDA COTTAGES—1, 2, or 3-bedroom housekeeping, cottages in choice locations. Beautifully furnished, all have fireplace, radio, efficient stove, refrigerator, telephone. Maid service, meals optional. Access to beaches, golf courses, all sports. Moderate rates. For booklet, map, details, write BERMUDA COTTAGES, Paget, Bermuda.

TUILAUVENT, Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. 9-3154. Friendly, informal home atmosphere. No planned activities. Relaxation, reading, painting, in beautiful countryside, 50 miles from N. Y. Ideal for weekends and vacations. Open all year. Attractive sunny rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate ocean-front apartments, beach, skin-diving, fishing, loafing, improbable sunsets, balmy tropical isle. Literate, congenial company. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

DINNER AT BLUEBERRY HILL KEY. Lucullan repast. Turquoise waters. Motels nearby. The Mastertons, Islamorada, Florida.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

THE COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama, has served guests of distinction for half a century. Charming and delightful. Finest Southern foods. Write for folder and rates. E. B. Overton, Owner, Fairhope, Alabama.

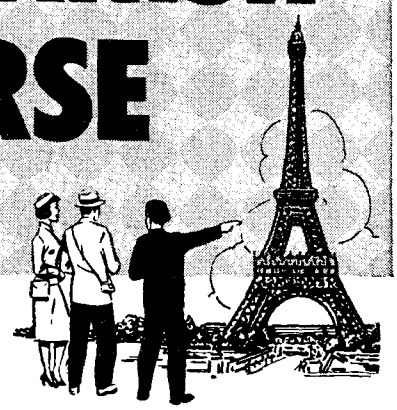
HAWTHORNE INN, 54 West St., Northampton, Massachusetts. Good food. $30 week.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW—Through The Miracle of Long Play Records

Complete FRENCH or SPANISH LANGUAGE COURSE

Slashed from $29.95 to $9.95!



ALSO: ITALIAN or GERMAN if you prefer

Thanks to the miracle of long playing records, you can now learn to speak French or Spanish from NATIVE instructors, quickly—at home and in your spare time—and *not* for the $29.95 this Course has always cost, but for only $9.95—a saving of $20.00! Or you may learn Italian or German for the same low price.

Why is this remarkable saving possible? Because now the "LIVING LANGUAGE" Course, originally in French or Spanish, consisting of 40 lessons which formerly occupied 20 standard-size 78 RPM records, has been reproduced on only 4 long-playing 33⅓ RPM records! This is the identical course for which thousands have long paid $29.95! Not a word changed—not a syllable left out! But because of the miracle of long-playing records, we can now offer it at a two-thirds reduction—only $9.95 and on a no-risk, free-trial basis!

No Rules! No Schools! Just Relax and Listen!

Whether you plan a trip abroad or want to speak a second language for business and cultural rewards, there's no easier, faster way than the "LIVING LANGUAGE" method! You learn *naturally*, just as you would if living in a foreign land.

You simply *turn on* a record, *relax* in your easy chair and *listen* to the recorded voices of people conversing in their native tongue! You hear words, phrases, sentences, clearly spoken in faultless accents by expert instructors. And as you listen, you *look* at the Conversation Manual provided, to see the words you *hear*. You get the *double impact* of both seeing and hearing.

In a few days, you understand key words—you become familiar with common-use phrases. The language GROWS on you. Soon, you could go abroad and actually converse with the people almost as if you were one of them! And because you now have the basics of a second language, you can aspire to higher positions in business. And all this for just $9.95—and about 15 minutes a day!

Why You Learn So Quickly This "Living Language" Way!

The reason this "Living Language" method teaches you to speak a foreign language so quickly and effectively is that you learn *naturally*—the way

a child first learns to speak English, or the way you would learn a foreign tongue if you lived abroad! You associate the foreign words you see and hear with their English equivalents—and in practically no time at all you find you're able to speak yourself!

The best proof of this "Living Language" method is the fact that in World War II the Army had to teach overseas-bound soldiers to speak and understand foreign languages in a hurry. There was no time for 3- or 4-year courses. Men had to be trained in weeks or months.

The best language experts were put to work on this problem. After months of experimentation, they finally devised a method used by the "Living Language" Course. In fact, the very man who headed the U.S. War Dept. Language Section—Mr. Ralph R. Weiman—also developed the "Living Language" Course. That is why you can be sure, when you take the "Living Language" Course that you are receiving *one of the best methods of speedy language instruction ever devised!*

FREE 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER! SEND NO MONEY!

Because we are so confident that you will find this Course delightfully pleasant and effective, we make you this remarkable offer.

We want you to *prove to yourself* how amazingly easy it is to learn a foreign language the "Living Language" way—*at our risk!* Here's all you do.

Simply fill in and mail the Coupon below and we will ship you the entire "Living Language" Course of 4 long-playing 33⅓ RPM records, together with the companion Conversation Manual, and the Common-Usage Dictionary containing over 16,000 basic terms and essential words—*on a 7-day free trial basis!*

Send no money—not a cent! After receiving the Course, start using it just a few minutes a day. If in 7 days you do not find that you are already learning to speak this foreign language—if you are not convinced the Course is even better than we say—return it and owe nothing. Otherwise, we will bill you only $9.95 plus a few cents postage and handling charges—a full ⅔ reduction from the original cost of $29.95, and a saving to you of a full $20.00. And you need remit only $2.00 monthly.

Did you ever hear of a more remarkable offer? You do not risk a thing! Just fill in coupon, indicate your choice of language, and mail today. We'll ship the Course immediately. So act *now!*

See These Remarkable Advantages of Learning the "LIVING LANGUAGE" Way!

Your Home Is Your Classroom!
When you learn to speak French, Spanish, Italian or German the "LIVING LANGUAGE" Way, you don't have to trudge off to school. You simply relax in an easy chair at home, start the record, open the manual . . . and you're learning! It's easy, it's pleasant, it's comfortable . . . and it's *fast!*

Set Your Own Hours!
Learn strictly at your own convenience . . . whenever you have the opportunity. You learn when it suits you best—and for as long or short a time as you wish. Most people find it best to spend no less than 15 minutes a day on the Course . . . but you can set your own time, and decide the length yourself.

Choose Your Own "Classmates"!
You can learn by yourself—or in the company of friends, neighbors, business associates, *or members of your family.* It's entirely up to you. And no matter how large or small your "class" is, the cost is still the same—just $9.95, a savings of $20.00!

Your Instructors Never Lose Patience!
They are always at your beck and call. Because your entire Course is on records, they "repeat" any words, phrases or even whole lessons—as often as you want. This way you are sure to "get" everything your "LIVING LANGUAGE" Course contains.

Living Language Course, Dept. 79
100 Ave. of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y. SR-2

Without obligation to me, please ship me on approval the complete "Living Language" Course for language checked. If not entirely satisfied within 7 days, I may return Course and owe you not one penny. Otherwise you may bill me—*not the usual price of* $29.95—but only $9.95 plus shipping, which I may pay $2.00 monthly.

Important! Check Here ☐ FRENCH ☐ SPANISH ☐ ITALIAN ☐ GERMAN

Name_____
(please print)

Address_____

City and Zone_____ Province_____

SAVE MORE ☐ Enclose only $10.00 with this coupon to save shipping charges. Immediate refund and return privilege guaranteed.

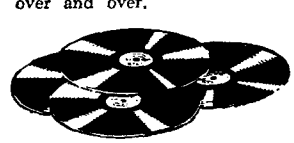
$11.95 in Canada: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.

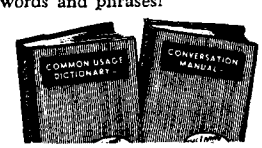
"Living Language" Course Includes 40 Lessons Recorded on 33⅓ RPM L.P.'s—CONVERSATION MANUAL—COMMON USAGE DICTIONARY—Full $29.95 Value at TWO-THIRDS REDUCTION! You save $20.00

Here's All You Need to Learn to Speak FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN or GERMAN FAST!

4 Long-Playing Records
Entire Course (40 lessons) is contained in 4 long-playing 33⅓ RPM discs of unbreakable vinylite. You learn to speak a foreign language by listening to thousands of words and phrases. Records can be played over and over.

Unique Companion Volumes
The comprehensive *Conversation Manual* you receive *repeats* in print each recorded lesson—so that you constantly *see* the words and phrases you hear. And the *Common Usage Dictionary* provides over 16,000 words and phrases!





THE LIVING LANGUAGE COURSE

100 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 13, N.Y.
In Canada: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, IN

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1143

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Heterogeneous collection of the useless or trivial (2 wds.).	73 27 190 11 95 174
B. Long-legged cat of Africa, India, etc., which has many characteristics of the dog.	146 120 13 129 117 182 50
C. A heated argument.	16 158 102 96 59 66
D. Not perceived by sight.	152 85 171 78 62 189
E. Followed by Word F, phenomenon often encountered on old New England roads hastily adapted for motor travel.	107 12 178 18 134 143 122
F. See Word E.	157 60 176 110 136 26
G. Gradually ascending, curving ramp.	89 34 154 5 128 186 165 44 147
H. Everything we've eaten or drunk.	116 6 81 138 177 42 127
I. Present (Dec. '55) strong man of Egypt.	145 58 93 151 82 63
J. To build one is a favorite winter sport of the small fry (not in Webster!'.	25 173 83 115 31 80 92
K. Said of a department store employee temporarily away from his post (3 wds.).	39 72 84 114 164 144 57 187 123 108 179
L. Nullified.	130 90 68 109 55 185 35
M. Ranking among the foremost in ability or excellence.	88 74 113 1 159 36 71 77 156

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Capable of self-ignition on contact with another chemical (said of rocket fuel).	97 132 41 64 183 53 17 4 29 111
O. Movable airfoil at the trailing edge of a tailless airplane, with double function.	175 126 104 33 86 61
P. One adept at exhibiting things.	28 167 135 99 75 161 37
Q. Demanding inviolate secrecy among a select few (comp.).	30 23 140 170 10 131 67 48 148
R. The pearly everlasting (comp.).	172 184 2 79 163 22 43 15 112
S. Apparition.	125 54 14 70 76 133 181
T. In linguistics, the smallest meaningful unit.	65 32 42 168 9 94 160 150
U. Beginning.	51 24 101 40 121 162
V. German totalitarian state, 1933-45 (2 wds.).	38 20 69 142 137 87 103 100 166 47
W. The powerful high explosive also called cyclonite.	149 21 139 56 45 180 153
X. One who speaks much of his own affairs.	141 7 98 19 155 106 8
Y. With "root," the wild yam.	91 118 3 52 105 169 119 188 46 124

DIRECTIONS

o solve this puzzle you ust guess twenty-odd 'ORDS, the definitions which are given in the olumn headed DEFINI-IONS. Alongside each finition, there is a row dashes—one for each tter in the required ord. When you have essed a word, write it the dashes, and also ite each letter in the rrespondingly numbered uare of the puzzle igram. . . When the uares are all filled in, u will find that you ve completed a quota-n from some published rk. If read up and wn, the letters in the igram have no mean-. . . Black squares licate ends of words; here is no black square the right side of the igram, the word carries r to the next line. . . ben all the WORDS filled in, their initial ers spell the name of author and the title the piece from which quotation has been en. Of great help to solver are this acrostic ure and the relative pes of words in the gram as they develop. hority for spellings definitions is Web-'s New International tionary, Second Edi-'.

				1 M	2 R	3 Y	4 N	5 G	6 H	7 X		8 X	9 T	10 Q		11 A	12 E
13 B	14 S	15 R	16 C		17 N	18 E		19 X	20 V	21 W		22 R	23 Q	24 U	25 J	26 F	
	27 A	28 P		29 N	30 Q		31 J	32 T	33 O	34 G	35 L		36 M	37 P	38 V	39 K	
	40 U	41 N	42 T	43 R	44 G	45 W		46 Y	47 V	48 Q		49 H	50 B	51 U	52 Y	53 N	
54 S	55 L		56 W	57 K		58 I		59 C	60 F	61 O	62 D	63 I		64 N	65 T	66 C	
67 Q	68 L	69 V	70 S	71 M		72 K	73 A	74 M	75 P		76 S	77 M	78 D		79 R	80 J	
81 H	82 I		83 J	84 K		85 D	86 O	87 V	88 M	89 G	90 L	91 Y	92 J		93 I	94 T	
95 A	96 C		97 N	98 X	99 P		100 V	101 U		102 C	103 V	104 O	105 Y	106 X		107 E	
108 K		109 L	110 F	111 N	112 R	113 M	114 K		115 J	116 H	117 B	118 Y		119 Y	120 B	121 U	
	122 E	123 K	124 Y	125 S	126 O	127 H	128 G	129 B	130 L	131 Q	132 N		133 S	134 E		135 P	
136 F	137 V		138 H	139 W	140 Q	141 X	142 V	143 E	144 K	145 I	146 B	147 G		148 Q	149 W	150 T	
	151 I	152 D	153 W	154 G	155 X	156 M		157 F	158 C	159 M	160 T		161 P	162 U		163 R	
164 K	165 G	166 V	167 P		168 T	169 Y	170 Q	171 D	172 R	173 J	174 A	175 O	176 F	177 H		178 E	
179 K	180 W		181 S	182 B	183 N	184 R	185 L	186 G	187 K	188 Y	189 D	190 A					

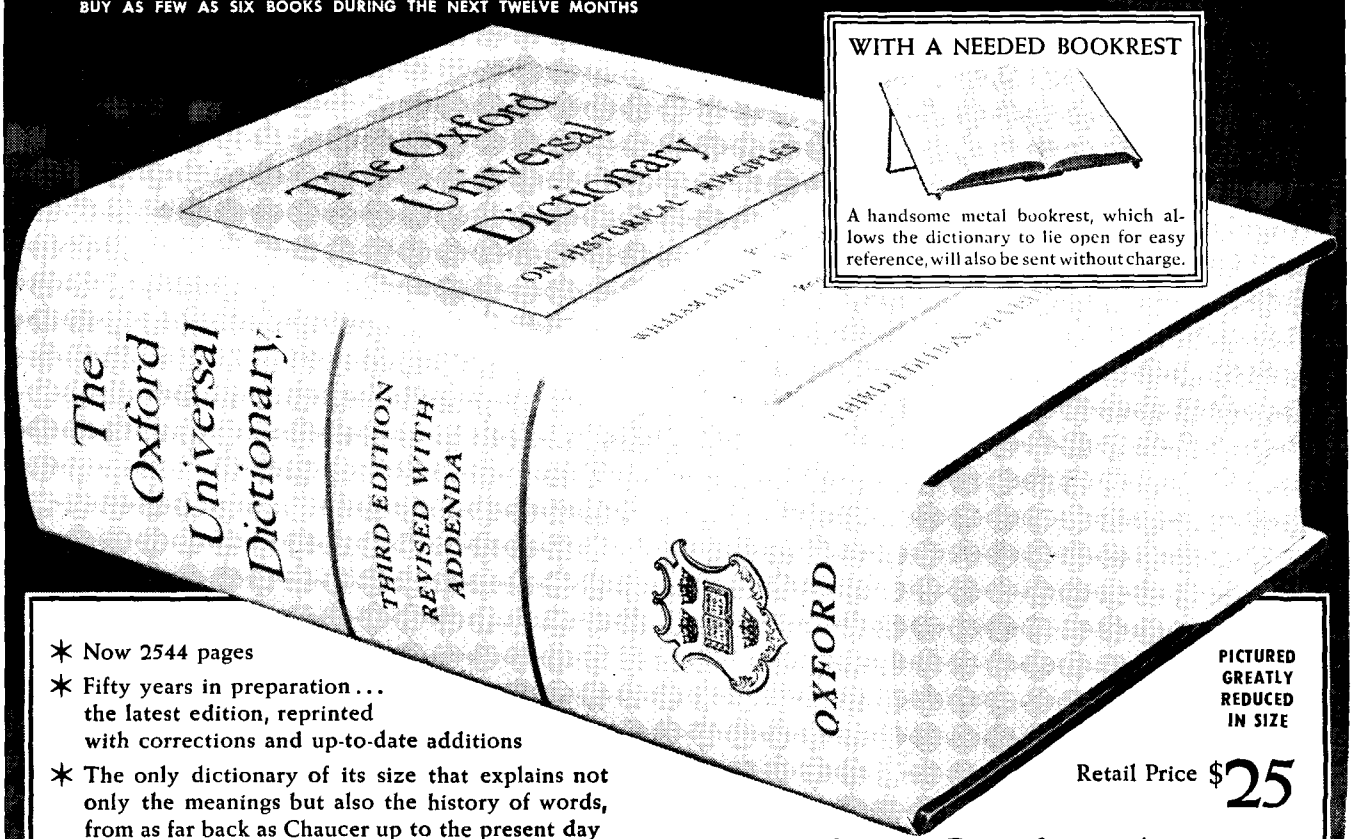
Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The best English dictionary of its size"—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

Given to you ... A "BIG" DICTIONARY FOR YOUR LIBRARY CONSIDERABLY LARGER THAN THIS PAGE

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NOW AND AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS



WITH A NEEDED BOOKREST

A handsome metal bookrest, which allows the dictionary to lie open for easy reference, will also be sent without charge.

- ✶ Now 2544 pages
- ✶ Fifty years in preparation ... the latest edition, reprinted with corrections and up-to-date additions
- ✶ The only dictionary of its size that explains not only the meanings but also the history of words, from as far back as Chaucer up to the present day
- ✶ Apt quotations are used wherever needed to illustrate correct and precise usage
- ✶ Includes scientific words and colloquialisms
- ✶ Employs the most modern system of phonetic symbols to indicate American and British correct pronunciation

PICTURED GREATLY REDUCED IN SIZE

Retail Price $25

The Oxford Universal Dictionary

LATEST EDITION • *Published by Oxford University Press*

IMPORTANT NOT TO DELAY

Because of the expense involved in printing such a huge work, the number of volumes manufactured for the Club has had to be carefully estimated. We believe that our supply is sufficient to meet a reasonable demand. If it proves insufficient, another printing will be required *and this will necessitate a delay*... at least four months. Consequently, it is important that you mail the coupon at once. Orders will be filled in the sequence they are received. Should there be a delay in your case, you will be notified and you may cancel the membership, if you wish.

THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER is a demonstration of three marked advantages of membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.* First, as a member, you are kept from missing the important new books. Second, you get Club choices at a considerable saving; an average of over 20% less than the retail price, over the past two years. And third, you share in about $12,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) distributed during the year among members as Book-Dividends. Because of its large membership the Club prints enormous editions of its selections at a great saving in manufacturing costs. The money thus saved is invested in editions of other desirable volumes, each of which is a Book-Dividend* given without charge to members. THE OXFORD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY represents an "advanced" Book-Dividend, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later.

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY ONLY SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership, from among the Club Selections and Alternates. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You will receive a careful advance description of each Selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing next month."

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS** — and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy from among the Club Selections and Alternates.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

- ☐ **ANDERSONVILLE** by MacKinlay Kantor *Price (to members only) $3.25*
- ☐ **MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR** by Herman Wouk *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **INSIDE AFRICA** by John Gunther *Price (to members only) $3.25*
- Double Selection ☐ **WE DIE ALONE** by David Howarth and ☐ **AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS** by Rumer Godden *Combined price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **SOMETHING OF VALUE** by Robert Ruark *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **GIFT FROM THE SEA** by Anne Morrow Lindbergh De Luxe Edition, Boxed *$5.00*
- ☐ **THE NEW YORKER 1950-1955 ALBUM** *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **THE TONTINE (2 vols.)** by Thomas B. Costain *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $3.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **A252A**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send, free, THE OXFORD UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I am also to receive separately, without charge, the bookrest illustrated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added for each book bought to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered at a special combined price—is counted as *a single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) .....State.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED